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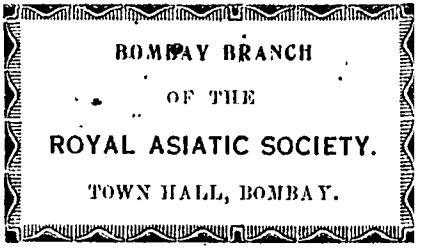

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ENGLISH TRAVELLERS

AND

ITALIAN BRIGANDS.

A NARRATIVE OF CAPTURE AND CAPTIVITY.

BY

W. J. C. MOENS.

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GIARDULLO DI PESTO.

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

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CHAPTER I.

During the afternoon the rain came on again, and I took shelter under the large rock. While there, Pepino came up and asked me for the *capuce* that had been given me. He said it was his, and he wanted it. I told him that I could not possibly do without it, the weather was much too wet and cold, and that a wide-awake was no protection at night, and that it was of no use asking me for it, for I did not mean to give it to him. I always wore it tied round my neck by the string, with the hood hanging on my back, so I looked to see if it was secure, so that they could not snatch it off, for I knew that Manzo would not let it be taken away, if I stoutly resisted. But Pepino was too clever for me, and by artifice got the better of me. He went

away, and sent one of his band to tell me that he did not care whether he had the *capuce* or my wide-awake. I thought it better to make a compromise, and said I would rather be without the wide-awake, and gave it to him, and I then had to put the *capuce* on my head. I was then called by two or three who were a little way off, and when advancing towards them the crafty ruffian, who was lying in wait behind a corner of the rock, made a snatch at the coveted *capuce*, and pulled it off my head, throwing me back the wide-awake.* He immediately started off with his men, as it had been arranged the two bands were to separate.

* He had before this enraged me much during the morning. I had lent my leathern drinking-cup to Visconti, and as he was passing it back to me, Doniella seized hold of it and gave it to Pepino, who quietly put it into his pocket. I asked for it, but he took no notice of my request, and went away, while I was not allowed to move. I asked several to go to him for it, but they said it was only a joke, and he would be sure to give it me back; but it shared the same fate as the *capuce*, and so I was robbed of both these useful articles.

I was in a great rage, and complained bitterly to the collected band of the conduct of Pepino, telling them I was sure to catch cold the first night I slept without a covering to my head, and that then I should have an attack of some dangerous fever, which might carry me off and spoil their chance of further ransom. I thought that there was no chance of my getting another *capuce,* for they were very scarce, only two having them, and one of these was sewed on to the jacket; but I kept on grumbling at their treatment of the poor prisoner, whom they had taken away from his friends in order to rob, like petty thieves and pickpockets, not being contented with the prospect of a large ransom.

They seemed rather ashamed of this; and in a short time, to my astonishment, Generoso, the man whom I had threatened to knock down last night for bullying me while walking, took off his hood and gave it to me. This was the only one they had, and of course I did not in the

least expect to get it, though I had tried for it. It was not quite so new as Pepino's, but was equally large and very warm. I was amazed at Generoso forgetting the occurrence of the previous night, for it is seldom that an Italian ever forgets an insult or an injury; and last night he had been most indignant at the captive turning round against the captor. Instructions were now given by Manzo to Lorenzo and Pavone, (who, with Antonio, Scope, and Malone, were to take charge of me during the absence of the captain and the rest of the band,) never to lose sight of me, day or night—that I was never to be allowed to move from the hiding-place chosen—that a *factione*, alias sentinel, was always to be posted close to me, and that, as regarded food, I was to be treated like a companion, share and share alike. This, I presume, was added specially; because, when Pepino stole my portion of bread, I had told Manzo that they had always given us a smaller share of food than they had taken for themselves.

They were also told, that if I escaped their lives were to answer for it; that I was to be shot down without mercy should I attempt to run away, and that they were to collect all the bread that they could possibly obtain.

We were then left to ourselves, and Manzo with about twenty-five men went down to try their luck upon the plains. We rekindled the fire, and spent the hour that we remained in this place warming ourselves over it. Visconti and his guide had gone away to the south; Manzo had also gone in the same direction; Pepino had taken a north-west direction, while we went to the south-east down the mountain, retracing the path by which we had ascended last night. Scope and Malone each carried a sack of bread on their shoulders, and Lorenzo carried a quantity of cheese in the wallet which had belonged to poor Luigi, who had been killed, as I have related, by falling over a precipice. It was considered too light for us to walk on the *scorza*, for fear of

meeting the troops, or being seen by peasants, who might give information to them; so we waited in the *frasche* for another hour, Lorenzo telling me the while that we were now going to have a good time of it, with plenty to eat, and that I was to fear nothing; but that the slightest attempt to escape would prove fatal to me. I felt very wretched: I had seen my fellow-captives go joyfully away, with the certainty of soon being united to all dear to them, while for me all was uncertainty and misery. I could not understand from the letters I had received what my friends were doing, for I saw that none of the band would trust themselves in the power of anyone, and the idea of going on board any man-of-war was laughed at and refused, after the way in which the captain's brother had been treated by the soldiers when bringing the Consul's letter and armed with a pass from the General. It was most fortunate for me that they would not hear of it, for my life

would certainly have been sacrificed in revenge for the bad faith on the part of the Italian Government.

(The civil authorities at Florence had agreed to the plan at the request of our minister there, and on this agreement the Consul-General had telegraphed to the Foreign Office for a vessel, and they had sent to Malta ordering the *Magicienne*, sixteen guns, Captain Armytage, to go to Salerno with sealed orders. But the military authorities had determined not to allow the proposed scheme to be carried out, and intended to have seized the brigands while on their way to the sea shore. I learnt this after my release, and I am surely justified in thinking that *non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis*, would my release ever have been brought about.)

As soon as it grew dusk we ventured on the roadway, but this time it was all downhill, and the descent occupied only half the time of the ascent. We crossed the stream nearly

opposite a long low storehouse, situated some way up the mountain, on the western side of the stream. How well I got to know that house! for the next three weeks it was always in sight, and I was constantly watching it for the chance of seeing an honest man, a sight which—though I could never approach him—seemed to comfort me. We had ascended along a dark and gloomy ravine, where the ground was very wet from the heavy rain. Our boots and legs were as wet as they could be, as well as our *capotes*, and in this state we lay down on the ground to sleep. I was off in a moment, for I had had no sleep the night before, and had done a great deal of walking during the last two days.

June 8.—We woke very wet and cold, and went higher up, where we found a little grotto just large enough for our party; the rock rose above it covered with ivy, and a narrow space at the bottom of this served as a path for us when

the brigands wished to go either to the right or left; immediately below us was the ravine, and with a sentinel on the watch, no one could approach without our having plenty of time to escape before they could get near enough to do us any harm, unless the troops were to come from above and below simultaneously, in which case we should have been caught in a trap. It was a most gloomy place, and nothing was to be seen but the trees close at hand.

We stopped here for the next three days, spending a most quiet time—a great contrast to the hard time I had had while with Cerino and his band, who had always ill-treated me; here they left me pretty well to myself, and interfered but little with me. Lorenzo and Antonio went out every night foraging, and always returned with a quantity of bread; once with a large lump of freshly-made cheese, a little meat that had been cooked by shepherds, and some cherries. Another time they brought up a *fiasco* of wine,

of all of which they gave me a fair share, telling me they wished to keep me well. They also had some *pasta*, which was always cooked at mid-day; the fire was made against the rock, and if any smoke rose it was lost amid the ivy. I always watched the process of boiling the maccaroni with interest, having nothing else to do to while away a weary hour. The great pot was half filled with water, and put on to boil, with a lump of bacon fat that had been well chopped with their knives, pepper and salt was added, and by the time the water boiled the fat was nearly melted. The *pasta*, which they had well picked over, was now put in, and boiled till it was soft enough; the cauldron was then taken off the fire and put on one side to cool. They did it with so much nicety that the *pasta* just soaked up the water, and they very seldom had to pour any off. When cool enough we used to collect round, and some with fingers, and some with spoons, soon made the bottom of the pot appear. The

quantity they would stow away was surprising. Pavone always went on eating at least five minutes longer than any of the rest. The bread was all taken out of the sacks and stowed away in the holes in the caves; all the new bread that was got, having been twice baked, would last any time, but it was as hard as a brick.

One afternoon they were very angry with me, who had offended in the most innocent way. While they were taking their usual afternoon *siesta* I was put in my usual place, lying down (for the cave was too low to allow of any other position) with them all in front of me, so that I could not possibly leave the cave without waking them. They thought I was asleep, and all dropped off fast. I got very tired of being in the same position, and besides this, my hips were quite sore from the hard ground; I tried to sit up, and in doing so my hat touched the top of the cave, and rolled down past where they were lying asleep. I managed to rest my back against

the side and sit up. At last they woke up, and when Lorenzo saw me sitting up, and my hat two yards off, he was very angry, and said that I had been trying to escape. All joined with him, and raved at me for the rest of the day. I told them how it had happened, but they would not be convinced but that it was as they imagined.

(I always took advantage of their sleeping to go through our Church service, which I did daily).

It was here that I first became sensible that I had become the dwelling-place of dozens of those disgusting little insects whose very name makes one shudder in my own cleanly land, where a very, very small proportion only of the population know more of them than their name; the brigands are always full of them, on account of their filthy habit of not washing, and the difficulty of obtaining clean clothing. Everything belonging to them is infested with these insects, and if one only gets a footing on a man, it is impossible to escape the plague; and a plague it

truly is, as I soon found out. I had worn the same clothes day and night for nearly a month, and had never been allowed to wash myself. If I attempted to remove any garment, I was immediately told to put it on again, for fear of the troops coming, and our having to run for our lives, and water being generally very scarce in our hiding-places. I was not even ever allowed to take off my boots, except for the purpose of shaking out the dust and dirt, and so I was deprived of the comfort of removing them after a long march.

I had never even seen one of my new persecutors before, and I was truly horrified when I discovered that I was covered with them. I had been without a comb, and I was afraid of using theirs for this very reason, and the filthy state their combs were always in. I was not able to touch my hair till the 19th of June, when I received the comb sent me by my friends. In a very short time my whole body was covered

with bites, and my skin presented the same appearance as if I had the scarlet fever. Fearful was the irritation occasioned, and my body was very soon one mass of sores. As time went on, instead of getting better, it grew worse and worse till the day of my release. The brigands suffer much themselves; but their skin being harder, and thoroughly inoculated with the poison, it never shows the bites.

Lorenzo offered me a clean shirt, but I was still afraid of leaving off flannel. Next day, however, I gladly accepted it, and for a few days I was better. He had previously got a collar and white pocket-handkerchief washed for me, and now I entrusted this precious garment to his care; but, alas! I never saw it again; and probably it is now worn by the peasant who charged a ducat (or 3*s.* 4*d.*) for washing it. One day, when Lorenzo returned from foraging, he reported a better and safer grotto higher up, to which we removed on the 11th of June. It was exactly

opposite the storehouse at the end of the spur of the mountains, between the two valleys. When we unstored the bread, a great deal was found to be mouldy, the weather had been so wet. We had to eat this first; a great quantity had been accumulated, but more was got every second night. We remained here a week, passing a very quiet and secure time, only worried by the mosquitoes, which came out by swarms at sunset and in the early morning. I found a pair of kid gloves in my pocket, which I wore to protect my hands; but, notwithstanding all my care, I got dreadfully bitten. House-flies and bluebottles also were most annoying; they would keep settling on our faces, and nothing would drive them off.

Afterwards I often looked back to this quiet fortnight. I grew quite stout from the bread diet and want of exercise. I was always lying down, but could not get into the habit of sleeping in the daytime. How long the day seemed! but I was well treated, Scope being the only one who was not

kind to me. The other four were the best disposed of all the band towards me, except the captain. They too, afterwards, often alluded to this quiet time, when food was so abundant, and when wine came up to us three or four times. Meat was the only rarity; once only did it appear.

One day we heard a rustle in the wood below us, and Pavone crept down to see what it was, and in a short time returned with a peasant, whom he told to sit down; but seeing that I was looking at him, he called him aside so that I could not see him. He left his jacket, hatchet, and a large roll of the bark of a sycamore-tree, which is used for the soles of women's shoes, where he had been sitting. Scope overhauled the pockets, and finding some tinder, quietly appropriated it. The cuffs of the coat were tied up, and thus the sleeves were made into bags. This, I suspect, is a favourite way of carrying articles that are meant to be concealed; the

jacket is then thrown over the shoulder, which is the usual way of carrying it in warm weather. I had seen a half napoleon given to him as a *complimento,* while he was sitting near me; but I could not find out what for. After Pavone had been talking half an hour with him, he came back and told me to lie down with my face to the ground; my *capote* was then thrown over me, and I was told that the peasant was *infame,* and that they were going to kill him. The peasant was then taken past me, and I drew the cloak on one side and looked out, which drew down on me the anger of all. In a few minutes those of my guardians who went with him came back and told me they had killed him. I asked them what was the use of lying to me so, that if they had been going to kill him they would not have given him a present, and that dead men did not carry their bark away with them. In two days' time I saw the same peasant again, so I asked them if he had risen from the grave;

they laughed, and said I was too wide awake to what was going on.

Andrea, the executioner, came up here and joined us with two or three others. He was suffering from fever, and took advantage of this to appropriate to himself any delicacies, such as cheese, &c., that we had by us. They brought up with them a quantity of onions and garlic, which they had stolen when in the plain of Salerno, where they had been with Manzo to look after another victim, but happily without success. They had been close to Salerno, and had been discovered four times by the troops, but had got back without losing any of their number. They grumbled very much at the vigilance of the General, and told me that if the troops were not withdrawn my head was to be cut off. My answer to this was as usual, "*Bene se volete.*"

I had been so long without vegetable food that I was delighted with onions, and ate them like

apples; the cloves of garlic also were roasted and eaten, and also put into the *pasta,* so I was forced to get used to the flavour, and after the first two attempts, I even got to like it, though previously I would have gone any distance to avoid the proximity of anyone who had been partaking of it. The greediness of Scope always disgusted me; not contented with his share, he always took advantage of every opportunity to steal any bacon or cheese that had been put away for the next day, and he was never satisfied unless he was always eating. While in this place I amused myself with carving on my stick—"XV Maggio, 1865. W. J. C. M. J. C. M. A. Presi dalla banda di Manzo." This delighted them immensely, and they were continually making me read to them what I had written.

Early in the morning on the 19th June, I was thrown into a great state of excitement by seeing Zacharia come up. He had two letters for

me—one from the Consul-General at Naples, Mr. Bonham, and the other from my wife—the first that I had received. He also had brought up 17,000 francs, and had left a bundle of the warm clothing that I had sent for by Visconti. But I had to practise patience. The captain had to read the letters before I was allowed to have them. Visconti's man told me that Don Francesco and Tomasino had recovered their fatigues and were quite well. I asked him if the former had been to Naples to see Mrs. Moens. This I was told he had done the second day after getting home. He was given a loaf of bread, and then went away; and the letters and money were sent to Manzo, who was in the neighbourhood. In the afternoon the letters were sent down to me, the captain having read them, and also a letter which I had requested Visconti to get his father to write, in order to disabuse the brigands' minds as to my being a "Milord."

This letter was entirely about myself, and did

not refer to any other matter. I mention this particularly, because many have wished to implicate this unfortunate family as being *manutengoli*—*i.e.* "hand-extenders," or supporters of the brigands. Nothing could be more absurd than this, for they had just paid more than 4000*l.* for the ransom of two members of their family, the greater part of which money I saw received by and divided among the band.

When I received my wife's letter, I kissed it before them all, and eagerly devoured the contents; but the sight of the well-known characters produced a reaction also, and I felt dreadfully miserable and low-spirited. Among other things that were sent to me was a New Testament.

I was now made to write more letters. How my heart sank at the phrases I was forced to use, the captain standing over me dictating, and threatening the most awful things, should the troops not be withdrawn and the money sent at once! I explained to

him that my friends had written to England for money, and that it took a long time to receive an answer. I also told him that a letter in English would be far more effective than one in Italian dictated by him, and that the English were not like Italians, and it was of no use to ask so much money, for my friends would never send it. The most they could expect to raise would be 5000 or 10,000 ducats, and even that was very improbable, for I knew the Consul would not pay anything for me. They told me that one of my ships was at Salerno, and five more at Naples; and they wanted to know, if I did not make war on Victor Emmanuel myself, whether the English nation would send soldiers out to do so. I assured them that I did not even possess a little boat, and that the ships were not mine, but belonged to the Queen of England. They would not believe my statements that I was not the rich man they took me for, and the captain would not hear of writing for less than the original

sum. He said that the Italian Government was going to pay, and that they had a letter from the secretary of the prefect at Salerno, stating that all the money was there; but the Government were sending only a little at a time, in order to get off cheaper. At last the letter was written. It was rather difficult for me to write without help in Italian; before this I always had the assistance of Visconti.

The captain now went away, leaving with me only five of the men, and giving orders that we were to leave the place where we had spent the last twelve days, and to go to the mountain opposite; so in the evening we descended, crossed the river, and then went up to the place fixed upon. Soon after leaving the river Lorenzo went a few yards from the path, and from the corner of a bank brought forth my things, tied up in a red silk pocket-handkerchief. I was delighted to see a thin waterproof coat, which would serve to keep me from the ill effects of the

wet ground at night. I could not examine my treasures then, as I had to devote myself to the steep path before us.

All this side of the valley was cultivated to a considerable height with wheat, potatoes, and Indian corn. We observed great caution in passing the magazine to which I have referred before. We soon came to a deep and most difficult ravine. The rocky and precipitous sides of the narrow chasm were covered with tremendous brambles, the stems of which were an inch thick, and bore a purple bloom. There were also a quantity of nettles, which stung me terribly. At last, after climbing up some way, we found a place where we could manage to lie down. In winter this ravine served for a succession of waterfalls, and the bottom of it was covered with huge pieces of rock jumbled one on another. My place was in a bed of nettles; but there was no denying my orders, so down I went, taking care to keep my *capote* well under me. I could

not sleep for thinking of all those that were striving so to obtain my release.

June 20.—Towards the morning weariness caused me to fall asleep, and I did not wake till eight or nine o'clock. It was a lovely morning, and there were myriads of large butterflies flying up and over the ravine, apparently attracted by the blossoms of the enormous brambles growing all around us. After I had satisfied my hunger with mouldy bread without anything to drink (for no water had been brought up last night), I examined the bundle of clothing sent to me, and immediately took off the cotton shirt lent to me by Lorenzo, and put on a flannel one; the warm underclothing I reserved till we ascended higher up the mountains, for now we were low down and close to the cultivated land. I found, to my great delight, a New Testament in Italian, and a copy of Fenelon's *Conseils*, with various parts marked by my wife for my especial perusal.

How dear these books, together with my little prayer-book, became to me during all the weeks I was in the mountains! They were my only companions, and many weary hours did I escape in reading them. I often read the Italian Bible to the men, who would listen and make remarks with the greatest interest; I also became the proud possessor of a comb, or rather half of one, for Mr. Aynsley thought that if a whole one were sent it would give the idea that I was too well off. I spent some time to-day combing out my hair and beard, which had been guiltless of anything of the kind for nearly five weeks, I having been afraid to use the filthy comb belonging to the brigands. I borrowed a little round looking-glass, and found that the bread diet of the last fortnight had filled out my face and made me look much stouter. I determined to make the most of my new acquisitions, and so I put on a clean collar and cravat; my scarf-pin I had great trouble in saving, for it was coveted by many, and nothing

but the statement that it had been a present from my wife enabled me to keep it. The brigands did not know what to make of the collars of the period, and all kept asking me what the white thing round my neck was.

Another pair of good strong boots, with extra soles (put on at Naples) were also among my treasures; but these also I reserved till the ones I was wearing were good for nothing. The five weeks' work had already greatly injured them, but they were still equal to two more nights' walking. I enjoyed the sensation of a clean pair of socks, and I reserved the pair I had worn all the time for the chance of getting them washed; but in a day or two I was made to give them up, and I afterwards found out that they had passed to my persecutor Pepino. I then put all my newly-acquired wealth in a blue checked bag, in which some *pasta* had come up, and then tied it up in a *maccatore*. This served ever after as my pillow, and saved me always looking for a

large stone or piece of rock, which hitherto I had used for this purpose.

I had searched all the pockets of the water-proof coat for news from Naples, but nowhere could I find a line, my friends being afraid of the consequences, should the brigands have found it out. I was delighted in finding that several pieces of newspaper, in which my things had been wrapped, had not been taken away, as afterwards they invariably did, paper being scarce in the woods, and eagerly sought for the purpose of making cartridges, if stiff enough, or else for lighting fires. In one fragment I discovered that affairs in Mexico were in a very bad state, and in a piece of the *Times* I was able to see the present value of various stocks and shares that I possessed. My guardians did not much like my reading these papers, for none of them were able to understand what they were about, and it is contrary to the practices of brigandage to allow captives to read the events of the day.

(These were the first and last things I received through my whole captivity; for though I wrote for various articles—particularly shirts—which were always sent by my friends, who exerted themselves to the utmost, I never received them, my captors intercepting them and wearing them themselves; and the shirt which I put on clean on the 20th June I took off on the 25th August, having worn it day and night all this time !)

The two next days passed very quietly, but I suffered very much from exposure to the sun, which was now fearfully hot at mid-day; and no one who has not experienced it on these mountains can imagine the torture I underwent in being without protection from the sun's burning rays. The books which I now had by me helped somewhat to while away the afternoons. We were very scantily supplied with water, which was only brought up once a day—about two hours after sunset.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. MOENS'S DIARY: JUNE 18 TO JULY 31.

The second Instalment received—Scheme to ascertain the Hostage's own Views—Journey from Salerno to Giffone—The Fire-eating Corporal—Kindness of the Authorities—An English Letter from the Hostage—An Attempt to reduce the Ransom—A third Instalment sent to Giffone—The Palazzo Serracapriola—Signora Q.—Her History—Political Persecution—The Questor—His kindness—The Press—The Rigours of the Troops—The Neapolitan Detective—Result of the Ladies' secret Scheme—Life in Ischia—The Vendetta.

CHAPTER II.

Shortly before the arrival of Mr. C—— at Naples, the second instalment of 17,000 francs (the amount fixed upon after anxious deliberation) had been sent on to Salerno, and carried thence to Giffone by Signor D——, whose name I forbear to mention for fear of compromising him with his countrymen,* but whose services to my husband can never be forgotten.

There was now no possibility of doing more till the receipt of this sum was acknowledged, and an appointment made by the brigands for a

* I may here mention that, if the account given of the manner in which my friends negotiated with the band should appear at all vague or meagre, it must be understood that the same reason applies as is given for withholding this gentleman's name. I am naturally unwilling to say very much on so delicate a matter, when the interests of those who befriended me might suffer.—W. I. C. M.

further payment. All parties were, however, on the *qui-vive*, and prepared to act at a moment's notice, according to any contingency that might arise.

At last, on the 22nd, a letter arrived from my husband acknowledging the receipt of the second instalment of 17,000 francs—one addressed to Mr. Bonham, and another to me, giving a most distressing account of his situation. My husband's friends were all still in great doubt as to whether the brigands would keep their word and let him go, even if they should get all the money they demanded. It was, therefore, very desirable that we should hear from my husband himself what he thought of this matter. This, of course, could not be done as long as he was compelled to write in Italian to the brigands' dictation, and therefore an epistle to Manzo was composed, intimating that as my husband's friends knew that he could not write Italian, they did not believe that the

letters had been written by him; but that, on the contrary, they had heard he was dead; and that if Manzo did not allow his prisoner to write in English, the friends would neither send money nor hold any further communication with the band. Mr. Holme started for Salerno on the 23rd of June (followed, on the 24th, by Messrs. Bonham and C——); and, in the hope of re-opening the communication with the brigands on a more satisfactory footing, and of inducing Signor Visconti to continue his invaluable assistance to us, proceeded, on the 24th, to the house of that gentleman at Giffone, with the letter.

Mr. Holme has, in compliance with our request, kindly written an account of this, his first journey to Giffone, and I have his permission to insert it here:—

"Furnished with letters to the authorities at Giffone, and with an escort of six troopers of the Cavalleggieri di Caserta (through the kindness of General Balegno, commandant of the province

of Salerno), I started early in the morning, accompanied by Signor Michele di Majo (the brother of the landlord of the Hotel Vittoria), whose services in behalf of the English captive were throughout of the greatest possible value. We were armed with rifle and revolver, and we felt that if Manzo or any of his confrères had any inclination to add our names to the list of *ricattati*, we, with our escort, should have been able to give them a warm reception.

"For the first three miles we followed the road to Pæstum, which, like all Italian roads in summer, was thickly covered with dust, and we soon experienced the disadvantage of having a cavalry escort, for, before we had gone a mile along the road, we were well nigh smothered; and if Manzo or his *compagni* had been on any of the adjacent hills, they might have traced us to Giffone by the cloud our protectors raised about us. After we left the high road, we turned off inland towards the range of mountains lying to

the eastward. The scenery now rapidly improved, and the wonderful difference made by an abundant supply of running water in these fertile regions during the summer months became every moment more apparent. The Indian corn, which, with the tomato, formed the principal articles of cultivation, was in splendid condition; but what would have warmed the heart of many a hungry peasant had a very opposite effect on my companion, (who belonged to the Bersaglieri corps of the Salernitan National Guard,) and on our escort. They began to look anxiously around: the crops were so high that a man could easily walk upright through the fields without being seen. To them, the luxuriant vegetation and the ripening corn were sources of ill-concealed misery, indicating a secure hiding-place for the brigands. 'How can we hope to starve them out,' said the corporal, 'when the whole country is teeming with food? Would that it were autumn! we should then be certain of cap-

turing the band, and of releasing your unfortunate countryman.' On one or two occasions our gallant corporal, alarmed at the appearance of several people amongst the Indian corn, stopped the carriage and galloped forward to reconnoitre; but being satisfied of their pacific intention, he allowed us to proceed. These little incidents, together with the narration of all kinds of adventures and hair-breadth escapes with the brigands, recounted with great zest by di Majo and the corporal, served to while away the time; and as the events recounted extended over a space of five years, there was no danger of the supply failing; a lively imagination, too often, I fancy, supplying what memory denied. Like old people, who are licensed to grumble at the degeneracy of the present age, so my informants bitterly complained that, in the short space of five years, even the brigands had greatly degenerated: formerly they fought like brave men, and often were the first to attack the troops; but now they

always ran away, and never gave the troops a chance of shooting them—a proceeding on their part, which, if it shows degeneracy of spirit, certainly shows increase of wisdom, strikingly exemplified in the manner in which Manzo at the present moment holds his own against the troops.

"But to return to our journey. The corporal was so engrossed in his narrative, that he forgot to keep his usual good look-out, and it made our hearts leap into our mouths when he suddenly shouted, 'halt!' and unslung his carbine, pointing to several heads peering above the Indian corn. Our coachman nearly brought his horses down by the sudden jerk with which he attempted to pull up; and not knowing exactly what to do, we all looked anxiously in the direction the corporal was pointing. "It is nothing,' he said, at last, as, looking most crestfallen, he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks; 'I took those countrymen in the Indian corn to be brigands.' As they stared at us with that stolid look which

these country people generally put on whenever they see troops, he gave vent to his disappointed feelings in language which, if pure Italian, was certainly not elegant—giving it as his opinion that if they were not brigands by profession, they would have no objection to try their hands at it when occasion offered.

"After this occurrence, our valiant corporal subsided into a sulky silence; and what with the reaction which followed the excitement attending these little incidents, the dust, and the heat, we all felt tired and anxious to reach our journey's end.

"In about two and a half hours from the time we had left Salerno we reached Giffone. Our entrance created quite a sensation amongst the villagers, who rushed out to see the 'Inglese' who had come to ransom his countryman. I had hardly been an hour in the place before it was positively affirmed by the knowing ones that they had seen the money I had brought, and

that it was at least 30,000 ducats! The authorities received me most kindly, and gave me all the information they could. The military were at that time very sanguine of success; and the commanding officer, Captain Salsa (whose kindness throughout I shall ever gratefully remember), confided to me that, from information received, he fully expected the band would be taken that night, and that I should, in every probability, take Mr. Moens back in triumph to Salerno next morning. Continued subsequent failures soon made me sceptical whenever similar expectations were expressed; but on this occasion, participating in the hopes of the worthy captain, I felt sorely disappointed, when, the next morning, I saw the troops returning wearied and disheartened, after a hard night's march; and it did not require to hear the officer's report to know that they had been unsuccessful. I arrived at Salerno on the afternoon of the 25th."

I should here mention that the letters which

Mr. C—— obtained at Florence had been delivered to the authorities at Salerno, and that these important officials invariably treated all my husband's countrymen, who were acting for him, with the greatest kindness; the General constantly placing an escort at the disposal of any of them who wished to leave Salerno for Giffone, and the Prefect also doing everything in his power to assist them.

We had now again to go through a period of harassing anxiety and suspense, until the brigands' answer was received, every one chafing with vexation at the enforced inactivity from which there was no escape. The General, too, who had, at the request of Messrs. C—— and Holme, renewed the pass for a limited time only, was evidently disinclined to extend the privilege further, and we were therefore exceedingly anxious that the messenger from Giffone should obtain an answer before it was too late.

At last, on June 30th, arrived a letter from my husband, dated the 29th, in which he had been

allowed to write a few lines in English, thus showing that the plan had succeeded.

The bulk of this letter was, like his former letters, written in Italian, with a statement that the Captain had allowed him to add a few words in English, which were as follows: "When I write like this (upright) it is from me; when slanting it is dictated. Where are my friends? Am I deserted? Send money every week, if you can. I have been very ill with diarrhœa and—— The food is so bad: nothing but scraps of bread and cheese. *I am free the moment the money is paid.* God bless you, dearest. He sends this trial for our good. *They think this country pays* the money, and so will have all. I have not told them I can pay."

The value of these few lines in English cannot be over-estimated. They not only gave us the clue to the real meaning of all future letters, but also relieved my advisers here from a great amount of responsibility.

After the receipt of this letter, Messrs. Bonham,

Aynsley, and C—— thought that they could no longer hesitate to pay as large a sum as could be safely sent up into the mountains at one time.

The brigands, having intimated that they would be at a certain spot on Tuesday, the 4th of July, prepared to receive money. Messrs. Holme and C—— proceeded to Salerno on the 1st, with 24,600 francs, being 10,000 in addition to the sum which had been brought back from Salerno on the 25th of June.

The brigands' letters had all along shown that they believed the Italian Government were going to pay eventually, and had refused to reduce their demand, on the ground that this being so, the captive's means were out of the question altogether. My husband in his last letter also alluded to this, and expressed a wish that some step should be taken by the authorities to eradicate this notion from the minds of his captors.

On arriving at Salerno, the two gentlemen bearing this in mind, and with the view of making

another effort to reduce the demand of the brigands, visited the General and the Prefect at Salerno, asking the latter whether his Government would pay, and requesting him to answer the question by letter. This the Prefect did, giving them an official letter* addressed to me, not only repudiating, on the part of the Italian Government, all intention of paying any of the ransom, but also intimating that the Government would do all in its power to prevent money or provisions being sent by me or any one else to the brigands.

Mr. Holme returned to Naples on the 2nd, leaving the 24,600 francs in charge of Mr. C—— and Signor D——, who carried it on to Giffone on the 3rd, with the Prefect's letter to me, and one from Mr. Bonham to my husband to the same effect.

(Now came another period of suspense, destined, alas! to be of far larger duration than any

* Which will be found in the Appendix.

which we had undergone hitherto, for, as it turned out afterwards, the troops kept such a vigilant watch on the brigands, after this, that the third instalment of money lay at Signor Visconti's house for many weeks, and we did not hear of its receipt, or of the effect of the letters on the brigands, till the 9th of August. What effect the letter of the Prefect had will appear hereafter in the course of my husband's narrative.)

About this time I wrote to Signor Visconti, thanking him for his exertions in my husband's behalf, and I have since received a very kind reply from him.*

Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley left Naples on the 28th of June to spend a few days in Rome, and my brother-in-law advised me to leave the Hôtel de Genève for a *pension*, as he thought it would be more cheerful for me, the life I was leading

* I have ventured to give a translation of Signor Visconti's reply in the Appendix, to show how considerately and courteously he behaved to my wife at this time of trial.—W. I. C. M.

at the hotel before his arrival having been so extremely solitary, and having affected my health very seriously, for my friends had thought it advisable, for the reasons I have mentioned before, that English residents should not be encouraged to come and see me. I therefore moved from the hotel to the Palazzo Serracapriola, in the Riviera di Chiaja, a short time before my brother-in-law left for England, which he was compelled to do, after waiting as long as he possibly could to see the effect of the last letters and payment.

I well remember accompanying him to the steamer to see the last of him. I could not but wonder whether I should ever again be starting with my husband for dear old England! Alas! I had but too much reason then to fear that this happy time would never come for me.

How I vowed mentally never to leave home again, if we but once got safe back!*

* In March I copied into my diary the following paragraph from "Geoffrey Crayon:"—"A prosperous life passed at home

The bay of Naples looked its very best as the vessel steamed away, but I was too sad to enjoy its beauties while the ship remained in sight.

I watched it with a heavy heart, and when it at last disappeared from my view, I felt the loneliness of my position, which seemed to be more desolate than ever. Mr. C—— had tried hard to comfort me at the last, with the hope that the letters sent from Salerno on the 3rd July, with the 1000*l.*, would produce the desired effect; but I had met with so many disappoint-

has little incident for narrative; it is only the poor devils who are tossed about the world that are the true heroes of story. It is difficult to determine between lots in life, where each is attended with its peculiar discontents. He who never leaves his home repines at his monotonous existence, and envies the traveller, whose life is a constant tissue of wondrous adventure; while he who is tossed about the world looks back with many a sigh to the safe and quiet shore which he has abandoned. I cannot help thinking, however, that the man that stays at home and cultivates the comforts and pleasures daily springing up around him, stands the best chance of happiness." To me, *then*, these observations appeared to be true; and *now* that I am at the end of my travels, I see no reason to change my opinion.—A.M.

ments that I could not bring myself to think that anything good would come of the schemes of my friends.

I have now really felt what "hope deferred" means, and how it "maketh the heart sick." I try my best to cast all my care on God, but real grief is very different to imaginary sorrow.

July 15.—I like my new home infinitely better than the hotel. I have had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a Roman lady, the Signora Q——, who has been obliged to leave Rome on account of her political opinions. Her father, a well-known *avvocato*, was in prison there for five years, because he was rather too liberal in his ideas. This lady also had been imprisoned herself for five months in one of the dark prisons in Rome, and was liberated eventually without a trial, through her own presence of mind. She one day received a visit from a gentleman, who brought her a letter of introduc-

tion from a great friend, with a request that she would receive the bearer for a few days as her guest. The bearer was a great friend of Garibaldi, and had come to Rome to find out whether the people were ready for a revolution. He stayed at her house some days, but was at last arrested and thrown into prison by the Papal authorities. His friends wrote to her to inquire what had become of him; and she sent them a letter by the driver of a diligence, informing them of his arrest. The letter happened to contain a remark to the effect that "the worst enemy Rome had was the Emperor." One morning, shortly after this, she was in bed, when the police came into her room, and obliged her to rise and dress in their presence, and then carried her off to prison. Day after day a priest of high rank came to examine her, to try and find out from her answers something to criminate her. He once asked her a question, an answer to which might have injured her guest, who had been

thrown into prison; but she had the presence of mind to evade answering by pleading extreme illness, and saying that the pain in her head was too violent for her to think much. The doctor was sent for, and, happily for her, he told her questioner that the signora was in a burning fever, and must be left in tranquillity for some days to come. The excitement and fear had really brought on a severe attack of fever. During the week in which she was freed from these inquisitorial visits, she succeeded in getting information of her guest's escape. This information was conveyed to her in a packet of tea, by means of one word written on a tiny piece of paper. She now knew that he was safe, and on the next examination she felt no hesitation in answering the question freely, and she was liberated. It is said that the words in her letter saved her—"the worst enemy Rome has is the Emperor," for the priests are no longer partial to the Emperor. The police, however, did not leave her in peace;

they paid constant visits to her house, looked into every room and closet, and even ripped open the cushions and pillows in search of letters. This state of constant espionage was so unpleasant to her, that she and her husband left Rome and settled in Naples.

The signora was extremely kind to me, and was always ready to accompany me in my visits to the Questor, which about this time became rather frequent. She thought that this officer might be of great assistance in procuring the liberation of my husband, and she introduced me to him accordingly. He was a personal friend of hers.

We have requested the editors of the different Italian papers* to insert paragraphs in their papers in furtherance of the plan set on foot by Mr. C—— and Mr. Holme at Salerno, to the effect that *the brigands may believe that* the Italian and

* A letter having appeared in the London *Times* stating that my husband was a "member of the Stock Exchange," one of the Neapolitan papers put him down as a "large shareholder in the Bank of England!"—A. M.

English Governments have both positively refused to pay any of the ransom. We hope this will reach the brigands, and that they will reduce their exorbitant claims.

The 24,600 ducats (*i.e.* about 1000*l.*) taken to Salerno by Messrs. Holme and C—— on the 1st July, and carried on thence to Giffone on the 3rd, is still lying with the letters at Signor Visconti's house, the vigilance of the troops having hitherto prevented the brigands from coming to fetch it away. The peasants are suffering more than ever from the severe measures employed by the authorities to starve out the brigands. The officers complain that their want of success is caused by our messengers carrying information to the band with regard to the disposition of the various detachments; consequently the strictest orders have been sent from Florence that no messenger is to be allowed a pass, and any peasant found carrying a letter or food is ordered to be shot immediately, without trial.

July 8.—No news of my husband; it is now nearly two months, and I seem to have made very little progress towards his liberation; affairs have come to a dead lock. The only answer I get from the General is that it is an affair of police. I am determined to go to the Questor and ask his advice. A messenger *must* be found, and as I hear the Questor is an extremely clever, kind man, he may perhaps find some means of helping me.

I have been to the Questor, who advises me to go myself to Salerno, and try and find out the brother of Manzo, and bribe him to go again. The Questor will send a detective with me; but, for better security, the man is to hold no communication with me. I am not even to know who he is. I am simply to let the Questor know by what train I go. The detective is never to lose sight of me; and if I prevail on Manzo's brother to take my letter, I am to drop a handkerchief from my window at a certain hour. The detective will then attach himself to

the messenger, and follow him everywhere, and thus find out the channel of communication.

On the 18th I started accordingly for Salerno, accompanied by a kind friend, Mrs. T——, an English lady, whose acquaintance I made at the *pension*. We left Naples in the evening, to avoid the extreme heat.

Mrs. T——'s quick eyes soon found out our detective, a man dressed as an Italian peasant. We noticed the same man lounging at the door of the hotel at Salerno; and when we took a walk the next day he followed us. In fact, the "secret" scheme was carried out in so open and transparent a manner, that one evening, in the dark, we called the man behind a cart, and told him every one would certainly suspect him if he thus dogged our footsteps, and we arranged that he should only take his station before the hotel at certain hours after sunset, when we could communicate with him, if we wished it.

I sent for Manzo's brother, who is an *employé* on the railway, and bears a fair

character. He is a young man with a plain countenance. I felt very much on seeing the brother of the man who had caused all my grief, and I implored him with tears to take a letter to my husband, offering him fifty pounds if he would do so; but neither tears, entreaties, nor bribes could prevail on him to go. It certainly would have been risking his life, for if discovered taking a message to the band, he would, as I have already said, have been shot on the spot. We could find no one willing to risk his life; and all that came of our magnificent plan was the imprisonment of the poor detective by his brother police officers, who arrested him as a suspicious character!

Finding I could do nothing at Salerno, I returned to Naples, and had another interview with the Questor, who always treated me with the utmost kindness, and put aside all other business to listen to mine, though both his large anterooms were crowded with people of all ranks waiting to see him; police emissaries and tele-

grams arriving and departing at every moment, and a continuous stream of applicants pouring up and down the broad staircase of his *palazzo*. Whenever I sent in my card I was admitted, and listened to with the greatest patience. He now suggested sending emissaries to Rome, to do all that was possible there. They were sent, but this plan failed, like the rest.

I forgot to say, that before I left Salerno, I was told that a rich proprietor had offered to show the place where the brigands passed through his grounds, and to allow the troops to lie in ambush for them there; but, unfortunately, this gentleman's servant having quarrelled with the troops, he refused to assist the latter in any way. Afterwards, the troops, when searching at the spot, found scraps of paper with English upon them, torn up by my husband but a short time before.

When at Salerno, on the 19th of July, I was summoned to Naples by telegraph, and started off, hoping and praying for good news; but when I arrived, overcome by the intense heat and ex-

citement, it was a cruel disappointment to find that it was only to write another of the many useless letters I had already sent to the captain of the band. During the next week I suffered terribly from constant anxiety, till at last, on the 22nd, I became so ill that my friends advised immediate change of air, and I accepted the invitation of my kind friend, Mrs. T——, to stay with her at Ischia. So we embarked together on the little wretched steamer that runs once a day between Naples and Ischia, across the bay. It was crowded with people, nearly all of them peasants; the sea was very rough, and everyone was ill. The manner of Italian peasants under these circumstances is sufficient of itself to cause illness in an Englishwoman; and when I made complaint to the captain, he gave me a very vague answer, remarking that the Neapolitans were a dirty people, because they never travelled, whereas the English, on the contrary, were always travelling, and that thus their manners were improved!

After three hours on the sea, we arrived at the lovely little island of Ischia. The fishermen's wives and children ran out of their cottages to welcome my friend Mrs. T—— back to her island; we were escorted to her house by them, all their faces beaming welcome. The house was beautifully situated on rising ground, with a magnificent view of the sea and the Bay of Lacco. I was never tired of walking on the roof of the house, to look at the beautiful panorama before me; I could see the Bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius, the coast beyond the Island of Procida, with its large white castle, and the Isle of Capri.

No words can describe the beauties of Ischia; it is such a lovely little island, and contains no brigands! I could enjoy long rambles in the country, without the unpleasant feeling that men were watching me to carry me off for ransom. In the centre of the island is a very finely-shaped mountain—Monte Epomeo—whose sides are covered with chestnut-groves,

vineyards, and tomato fields. I had a long walk with Mrs. T——'s children through vineyards reminding me of our hop-gardens. We were allowed to pick the bunches of grapes, as the owner of the fields was with us. They hung temptingly over our heads, and it was a curious sight to an English eye to see the immense profusion of a fruit which in England is rare enough to be considered a luxury. If anyone wishes to enjoy fruit, and scenery, and climate, he should visit Ischia in September or October. October is the time of the vintage, and the weather then is not too hot for walking expeditions. Even in the hottest season, however, the air is constantly refreshed by the cool sea-breezes.

On the 28th I was summoned again to Naples by telegram; I had first to embark from Lacco in a little boat to catch the steamer which starts from Casamicciola. My kind friends put me under the care of a poor woman going to

Naples to see her husband, who had been in prison there for seven months, waiting to be tried for an offence of which every one considered him innocent.

The poor woman told me her husband's story. Each fisherman is obliged to have a document from Government authorizing him to carry on his trade. When the new Government was established, the old documents or "books," as they are called, were called in, and new ones given out. Singi, my companion's husband, applied to the Syndic of his village for his book. This Syndic, a very bad man, obtained it easily from the Maritime Consul, with a clause in it stating that as Singi was a married man with children, he was exempt from military service; but before he would give the book to Singi, he demanded an exorbitant sum, which the poor man was unable to pay. The Syndic then sold the book for 150 lire; and Singi having no book, was thrown into

prison on the charge of selling it, and had been there for seven months, leaving his family without any means of support. The poor woman was taking some little present for her husband, and had in her arms a dying baby, yet she was happier than I was, for she knew that her husband was living, and where he was, and was permitted to visit him, whereas I did not know whether my husband was alive or dead, and I was beginning to lose all hope of ever seeing him again. She cried bitterly as she told her sad story, and I could not help mingling my tears with hers.

My visit to Naples was a fruitless one; there was no news of my husband, nothing could be done, and I returned to Ischia. I was strongly impressed with the fact, which I was assured of on all sides, that the great reason why no one will betray the brigands is fear of the consequences to the informer.

All over Southern Italy thus the *vendetta*

holds sway, and fear of suffering from the revenge of the malefactors' relatives completely paralyzes the hands of justice. I heard a story in the island which strongly illustrates this. A poor woman living alone, with only a little dog as a companion, one day cut some grass for her goat from a neighbour's field. The man was angry; they quarrelled at last—he stabbed, but did not kill her. Fearful of the consequences, he dragged her shrieking through three or four fields to a precipice, down which he threw her; he then took a circuitous route of two or three miles to the foot of the precipice, and finding her still breathing, he literally crushed her with an enormous stone; he then dug a hole and buried her, and covered the place with branches of trees. The poor creature was missed; two or three women had heard her shrieks, and had seen her dragged through the fields, but no one tried to save her—no one would breathe a word as to what they had seen, and her relatives

sought for her in vain. One day her brother, with her little dog, was walking near her grave, when the animal whined, howled, and refused to go on. The brother tried to force him to follow, but in vain, the dog stood howling at a particular spot. This excited the man's curiosity, he pulled aside the branches, saw that the earth had been newly turned, dug it up, and discovered the dead body of his sister. No one would give evidence against the murderer for fear of the vengeance of his relatives, and he still walks about unpunished in Ischia! This murder was committed only a few weeks before I visited the island.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTIVE'S DIARY CONTINUED; 21ST TO 30TH JUNE.

On the Move again — Without excess of Luggage — The Depôt of Provisions—We join Cerino's Band again—Effect of the arrival of H.M.S. *Magicienne* on the Amount of the Ransom—A new Hat—"Brigands supplied" by London Hatters—The Charcoal-burners—The Troops again in Sight—Sheep-stealing—Meat once a Fortnight—Scope's Treatment of me—Pavone's History—Generoso at Death's Door—Cold—I have to write more terrible Letters—I am left with Eight or Ten of the Band—Harsh Treatment—Tantalizing View—Wine and Rosolio—I become very Ill—Andrea's Heart softens—Letters from my Friends—But no more Money—My Ears in Danger—I am made to write again—Cerino's Band go off with the Letters.

CHAPTER III.

On the evening of the 21st of June we were startled by hearing signals from the mountains above, and we immediately got ready to join the new comers; they proved to be three of the band from Manzo, who had been sent to tell us that there was a large increase of troops in the neighbourhood, and that we were to join him without a moment's delay: this was very provoking, for a supply of bacon, fruit, and wine, together with several shirts, and among them my only change, which had been "sent to the wash," were to arrive this very night; but there was no disobeying the orders, and I never saw my garment again.

After the long rest of a fortnight, without the slightest exercise, and always lying on the ground,

I found the greatest difficulty for the first half hour in keeping up with my companions. The road lay uphill, through the thickest underwood, and at times I was perfectly unable to go on from utter want of breath. Lorenzo, who usually treated me well, was very savage from the loss of the expected clean shirts and the provisions; for when a peasant is commissioned to get anything, he always insists on being paid first at exorbitant prices, a ducat for two *rotoli* of bread — about sixpennyworth—and everything else in proportion. Twenty napoleons had been left with him for our expenses; these and fifteen more had been spent for the expenses of about six men in a fortnight; this will give an idea of the rate at which these men live. At least four-fifths of all the money that is extorted from their captives goes to the peasants, and the other fifth is spent in the shops in the towns. No wonder all the peasants encourage brigandage and cry up the cause of Francis II., imagining that the brigands

fight for him, because they are pursued and hunted down by the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel. Nothing will stop the system but levying the ransoms on the districts where the captures take place.

When we came to the storehouse, we found several more of the band, who immediately attacked the two sacks of bread we had collected. Justi told me to put some in my pocket, for I had a very long walk before me, and the band we were to join would have nothing with them. Scope was in a great rage at my pocketing anything, but some of the others took my part, and I was able to retain my spoil.

I had now regained my powers of walking; after some hours we gained the top of the hill, walking in the moonlight by the side of the noisy stream, with waterfalls in many places. On our left rose high mountains clothed with wood, and on the right there were two ridges of unequal height, covered with the same bright green, while

in front rose towering mountains, with tops of all conceivable shapes. I felt well and strong, and if I ever enjoyed any walk while under restraint, it certainly was this night's tramp.

When we arrived at the top of the pass, instead of turning to the left as we did before, we went straight on, descending the mountain through dense forests, till at last we came to an open space where the charcoal-burners were hard at work—the ground being strewed with chips of wood. All at once we fell in with Pepino and his band, who looked most miserable, having met with a *disgrazia,* as they termed it. The very day after they had left the mountain, where Visconti had been set free, the soldiers had discovered their resting-place, and they had take to their heels, leaving behind them all their belongings—two new camp-kettles, the leathern flasks that I had so often drunk out of, and all their *capotes,* among them the two splendid ones of fine blue cloth belonging to Pepino and

Doniella, while on Pepino's was buttoned the *capuce* that he had snatched off my head. I told him that it was a judgment on him for having robbed me, at which all round laughed most heartily. They had fared most miserably ever since; they greeted me, however, in a cheerful way, being glad to see me well, for all expected that somehow or other the Inglese would find the money that they demanded.

The coming of the man-of-war to Salerno, and the number of troops that were looking after us, made them naturally think that Mr. Aynsley and I were of importance, and nothing that was said or written to them could upset their idea that we were the joyful possessors of two million ducats. One of them was sent off to Manzo, who, with some of the others, were sitting near a fire in a hollow where it could not be seen. Immediately after this Manzo came up and took my wide-awake off my head, replacing it by the one that was on his head; this rather

disturbed my peace of mind, for I thought of the new family that would in all probability be introduced to the one that had already taken possession of me. He told me he did not consider the hat I had been wearing suitable to a person of my distinction, and that he had got one of the best that could be found in Naples specially for me, at the cost of a napoleon. It certainly was a very good one, of a brown colour, with a tall crown and wide brim; one of the band doubled in the crown, pressing in each side with his hands, and then gave it me back, telling me that that was the way *Signori* always wore them. I looked at the label inside, and, to my astonishment, found that it had been made by Christy, the celebrated hatter in Gracechurch-street, London, whose establishment I always visit when in want of a covering for my head at home. I told the brigands that it was *un cappello Inglese del mio proprio cappellaio*; this amused them immensely, and they all came

one by one to compliment me on my improved appearance. One of them lent me his little looking-glass, in order that I might "admire myself," as he expressed it.

It was now about nine o'clock, but when I inquired where we were to stop for the night, I was told that *molto cammino* was in store for me, and that we were to walk all night. A short time after starting again we came to where the charcoal-burners were engaged in their occupation. There were several enormous round piles of wood, covered with damp earth firmly beaten down. From fissures in the piles a suffocating smoke was issuing, and the ground on the lower side was quite soppy with the wood spirit and tarry matter that was running from them. A little way off were the wood huts of the *carbonari*, which are constructed of straight pieces of wood stuck in the ground and then bent to a point at the top, a span being left for an entrance. There seemed to be two or three men in each hut, which were

all visited in succession, in order that all provisions that could be spared might be taken. We finished all their water, the wooden barrels being passed from one to the other, and the water drunk through the bungholes. I was always obliged to get as much down my throat as I could in as short a space of time as possible, for they always took the barrel away from me in a moment.

In the entrance of each hut was a large wood fire, in the embers of which the inmates were just about making *pizza*, that is, a mixture of Indian corn meal and water, baked for about a quarter of an hour. Manzo bargained for this and one of the water barrels, giving for them half a napoleon. I was taken to a little distance off while the *pizza* was being made, and managed to get a little sleep; but we were soon marching along again in single file, the line extending a considerable distance. We kept ascending all night in a northerly direction,

and towards the morning arrived at a large tract of level land near the top of the mountain. It was a great treat, walking on the smooth turf, after having had to force our way through the lower branches of the trees, in the dense woods with which nearly all these mountains are covered. The brigands were all very tired, for we had been walking since seven o'clock, up-hill nearly all the time. I always found that I could keep it up for a number of hours with less fatigue than they could, while they, on the other hand, were quicker and more agile for a short time, especially on the rough ground. Our halting-place was in the midst of some high heather, a *factione* was called, sentinels set, and we were all asleep in a short time.

About mid-day the troops were seen on the top of a mountain, not more than a mile off, and we had to hide close in some clumps of trees. To my disgust, I discovered on the ground, in a place where Manzo had been sitting, several

scraps of paper that had been torn up, that had formed part of a letter from Mr. Aynsley; but I could not make anything of it. They had been busy making cartridges, and his letter had gone in this way; it was most provoking to think that the wretches had received letters for me which they had not given me, but I suppose that it having been written in English was the cause.

We could not remain here because of the troops, so two hours before sunset we descended the mountain through the woods, and when it was dark, crossed over the cultivated valley to the mountains opposite. We walked through the growing crops till we came to a stream, where we all slaked our thirst. Here, to the amusement of all, old Sentonio fell down into the water. We now passed along a good mule road, and then began to ascend the terraces of earth to higher ground, without having seen a house or human being. Great caution was exercised; notwithstanding some of the band being always in

advance I was kept in the rear, as usual, with only three or four behind me. At last, towards twelve o'clock, we got into the woods again, and at about two came to a suitable place, where we stopped till the next morning. Some of the band had been left in the plain to look after food, and in the middle of the day two peasants came up with bread and a quantity of cherries. During the day we heard the tingling of the sheep-bells, but could not at first see the flock. At last I pointed it out to them, on the other side of the valley, near the place we had come from, and it was determined to send over to get two sheep in the evening. Justi and four others started off, and returned towards the morning with the carcases of the sheep hanging on their backs; they reported that they had had great difficulty in getting them, there having been no less than twelve persons at the place where the sheep were collected for the night, and these had stoutly refused to let the brigands have any; but

Justi and the others pointed their guns at them, and threatened to shoot them all, unless two were killed immediately; and of course they got their way. They were cooked at once, and I enjoyed the change of diet very much, for I had not tasted meat for more than a fortnight. A hatchet was also obtained from the shepherds, but during the day there was a dispute about the price paid for it, and Rocco, in a rage, took it up, and after trying to break it against a stone, which he struck several times as hard as he could, threw it some distance into the thick underwood, where they were unable to find it.

It was a noisy day, for gambling produced the usual quarrels, and towards the afternoon one of the band let his gun off by accident; the captain was always in a great rage at this, and no wonder, for it was nearly sure to bring the troops.

In the morning we started again, spending several hours in ascending the mountain, and at last came to a terrace near the top, with several caves;

we halted here for some time, I enjoying the view towards the west, being able to see the whole province with the sea behind it. All at once I was amazed at seeing all the band go mad, as I thought; their game seemed to be that all should vie, one with the other, who could roll the largest pieces of rock over the edge, so that they might go crashing down the mountain side. This was done as a signal to those left foraging in the plain; we could hear the rocks rolling down far below us, making a great noise; it had the desired effect, for in an hour or two the party below came up, but with their pockets empty. We slept here half the night, and then continued our course, passing along the narrowest ledges round the shoulder of the mountain; we now came to a large level tract of grass-land studded with clumps of trees.

It was quite light enough to enjoy the English park-like scenery, with the bare rocks at the top of the mountain rising in front. The glades

were of the finest short grass, with a quantity of a pretty yellow flower growing abundantly. We passed some *baraque* recently made, which much annoyed the captain, and a halt was called while a council was held, and the ground examined for the footprints of the soldiers. We were on Monte Marano, the highest mountain of the province, and had expected to find it quite safe and free from the soldiers. I told them that it was now all the safer, for if the forces had passed them recently it would be some time before they came again. They rather agreed with me, but I was told to be silent, and not to listen to their talk. I told them it amused me; but as they talked such bad Italian, I could not make much of it. On we went again, and at about seven o'clock arrived at a place surrounded by very high trees, and the ground was very wet, but down I was made to lie all the same. A fire was soon blazing, for it was intensely cold at the great height at which we were. Two were sent off at once to get some

water from a fountain higher up the mountain, and sentinels set in every direction.

June 23.—In about two hours the captain ordered a change of place, and we retraced our steps, crossing the tracks made by dragging the timber along through the woods; we then passed over another dry "nullah" and retired to a corner of a glade from whence the track was visible. Sentinels were set, one being sent a quarter of a mile off where he could view the country in another direction. I was sent off (under the charge of Pavone and that demon Scope, who always ill-treated me) to some rising ground about two hundred yards off, so that, should there be any danger, I might be hurried off while the main part of the band covered our retreat. I had not been here long before the tinkling of bells told us that a flock of sheep was approaching, and a detachment was sent off in order to secure some mutton. They returned in about

half an hour, bringing the shepherds with them, who were very unwilling to part with their sheep, because there was a report that several shepherds had been put into prison for having let the brigands take their sheep. But what can these men do? If they will not sell their sheep, they are soon taken from them; and should the shepherds give any information, their unprotected position makes them to be easy victims to the vengeance of the brigands.

Manzo was unwilling to make these men enemies, for it was a new part of the country, and he intended stopping here some time. He said he was willing to pay a fair price, but all grumbled when they found that thirty-five ducats was demanded for three sheep. This was very nearly 2*l.* a-head, but the shepherds would not let them go for less, for they were of a peculiar large breed, and much valued. The flock passed close to where I was lying, but the shepherds were made to go round, so that I could not see

them. Two of the sheep were immediately killed and put into the pot, and within an hour the meat was turned out cooked. It was very tantalizing to see them all eating the best parts, while we were left without any. At last Scope went to get some, and he returned, carrying in his hands what was supposed to be our share—that was, for me, Pavone, and himself; but when it came, Pavone and I became indignant, there being hardly a mouthful apiece. I had seen the greedy wretch eating as fast as he could on his way to us. Pavone would not stand this, and when the second sheep was ready, he told me to come with him to the fire; but Manzo in an angry tone told him to take me back; he remained, and two others marched me back to my old place. The same trick was repeated when food was brought again to us; experience had, however, taught me by this time that there was no use in grumbling, so I ate what I could get with thankfulness.

I was very ill all this day, and to improve matters it turned out a pouring wet day. As soon as it began to rain Pavone came up for half of my *capote*. Scope wanted to come under it, too, but I was very firm on this point, and told him that Pavone was one too many, and that the captain had given me the cloak for myself. While sitting together Pavone told me that as soon as my money was paid, he meant to present himself—that is, to give himself up to justice—and asked me not to recognise him should I see him in prison. He did not seem to know that the Government knew all of them better than I did. He told me that his wife and children had been in prison all the time he had been a brigand, this being the custom, and a very good one too, of the Italian authorities, and that they would be released directly he gave himself up.

He also told me his history. He had been an agricultural labourer, and having committed

murder (or homicide as he called it) during the reign of Francis II., he had been put in prison for three years. Soon after being released he repeated the same crime and took to the woods. He showed me the weapon which he had used on both occasions—a stiletto, the blade of which was about six inches long; he had a superstitious reverence for it, and was quite uneasy whenever it was out of his hands. I used all my persuasive powers to induce him to aid my escape, in which case I promised to give him 2000 ducats, and to get a free pardon for him; but he was afraid of Manzo's vengeance against members of his family, all of whom would be murdered on the first opportunity. I tried to work on his feelings as a husband and father, but was as unsuccessful with him as I afterwards was with many others.

As night came on, we returned to where we had stopped in the morning, and an enormous fire, made in the most skilful way, was lighted. The

pile was at least ten feet high, and as many in diameter, and round this we laid ourselves on the wet ground, those who had not capotes picking branches of leaves, and after drying them by the fire, spreading them on the ground. A dreadful scene took place in the middle of the night. Suddenly waking (for I now slept as lightly as any brigand), I saw Generoso, who was sleeping next to me, writhing in agony; his hands were clenched and lips drawn up, and he was deadly cold; Antonina, who was always with him, was in the greatest distress, appealing every moment to the Madonna. I soon saw he was seized with convulsions of some kind, and recommended that hot pads should be applied to his person. He was foaming at the mouth, and in a short time struggled so that it took five men to keep him down. At last he was quiet, but by this time his pulse was hardly perceptible, and he grew colder and colder. There was great concern exhibited for him, as he was a great

favourite, and all thought he was dying. I told them to keep rubbing his limbs, and not wishing to see his last moments, turned away. I had been standing over him for two or three hours, and exhausted by fatigue, I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning, to my great astonishment, he was all right again. I asked him how he was, and he told me that his legs were rather painful at the knee joints, but he did not seem to have any recollection of the fit.

A little more to the north than where we crossed the valley yesterday, I observed an old mediæval castle, partly in ruins: the walls had enclosed some extent of land, all of which was now cultivated; many of the walls were covered with ivy, and close by was a modern small farmhouse. Near this place I noticed several peasants haymaking: this seemed managed in a different manner to what we do in England. When dry, the grass is all twisted up into tight wisps—in fact, made up into short lengths

of thick cable and then stacked away. It struck me that it was a sad waste of time.

June 24.—To-day the captain ordered the band to go higher up the mountain to the fountain, because the shepherds had reported that the troops had passed where we now were only two days before, but had not ascended higher up; so he considered that a change would be safer for us. I was very unwell, and the climb up much tired me; but it was no use showing any disinclination to go on, so I said nothing, hoping that we should not have to go far; this proved to be the case, fortunately for me; and when I was told to lie down, I sat on a large block of wood, and the brigands set about collecting firewood, for all complained of the great cold. To my dismay, Manzo did not allow me to come near the fire when it was made, but sent me off again to some little distance under the charge of two or three of his men. I had the advantage of a mag-

nificent view, with the sea in the extreme distance, but this did not make up for the want of the fire which all the others were enjoying. At last Manzo sent for me to write horrible letters to my wife and the consul, which he dictated; he would not allow me to insert a single word of English, and still persisted in asking for the same sum as at first. How my heart always sank when, after my entreaties to diminish the sum, he would say, "Write as I say, 50,000 ducats!"

Provisions now began to flow in, two peasants having brought up a number of round loaves with a large hole in the centre. I saw them through the trees sitting on the bank by the fountain; but as soon as the brigands saw that I had noticed the strangers, they were removed to a place out of my sight. I must now describe this fountain.

It was in a lovely spot, quite level, about thirty yards long and ten wide, surrounded by beech trees; on one side there was

a sloping bank on which the members of the band were extremely fond of lying basking in the sun. The water issued from the ground on the eastern end, and ran in a little stream which formed pools every two or three yards, and finally ran down the incline of the mountain. "Forget-me-nots" grew most luxuriantly; also violets and many other wild flowers were mingled with the short grass that covered the ground. In the afternoon I was allowed to go and sit on the bank in order to enjoy the sun; and a share of some delicious cheese, only just made, was given to me, and also a tiny piece of old cheese which I reserved for a time of want. The bread varied in every district; and what we had here was far superior to the dark and coarse loaves of oval form which we got when near Giffone.

When the peasants wished to go away, I was made to cover my head with a *capote*, so that I might not be able to recognise them afterwards, and then they passed by me and were soon lost

to sight in the woods. About two hours' before sunset Manzo selected about eight or ten of the band to stop with me while he went back to Giffone to take my letters, and get some more money; (but many a weary journey had he to perform before any more was received, on account of the number and vigilance of the soldiers.)

Though already very high, we went still higher up the mountain, having to pass many most difficult places. At one of these the men ahead got separated from us, through my being unable to climb up quick enough. Those behind were in a great rage with me when they found their signals unanswered; but Manzo soon sent two or three of those with him to look for us. In about half-an-hour we arrived at another of those curious ledges about one thousand feet from the extreme summit of the mountain, with about eighteen inches of space to walk along, the mountain rising perpendicularly on one side, and the precipice being on the other. I fortunately had

rather strong nerves, for if I had been in the least dizzy, I must have fallen over. If I hesitated for a moment a harsh cry of "*Camminate*" would be raised by the man behind me. Manzo now repeated his orders, which were very precise, and provided for every emergency, and then left us, saying that he would return in six days.

I must now describe my position: we were on the top of the highest mountain* in the province of Avellino, to the extreme north-east of that portion of the Apennines which traverses the greater part of that province and that of Salerno. The side we were on faced the north-west, and looking that way Vesuvius appeared a moderate-sized isolated mountain, with a long line of smoke drifting away from the summit. Naples was not visible, Mount Vesuvius just shutting it out from view; but behind the Island of Nisida, and the coast line of the Bay of Naples near

This mountain, I think, must have been Monte Marano.

Baiæ, ending at the Point of Misenum, were very clearly marked, and farther on the lofty Island of Ischia. The coast to the north gradually became indistinct, till at last it was lost in the extreme distance. How this view brought to mind a happy day we had spent exploring the remains of antiquity at Baiæ, and our little voyage by boat to Misenum only three days before my capture! Nocera and the other towns between Vesuvius and Castellamare were exceedingly distinct, every house being visible.

I remembered that I had seen nearly the same view from the top of Mount Vesuvius about five years before; but going up a mountain for one's own amusement, as I did then, and being taken up forcibly against one's will, are very different things, especially when, in the latter case, instead of stopping a short hour, one knows for a certainty that one will have to stop there six days, and perhaps longer, being all that time exposed to the cruelly cold wind which generally blows at this

elevation. This evening it blew from the north, and seemed to pierce right through me. I complained of the cruelty of exposing me in this manner; but though suffering bitterly themselves, my captors had the impudence to tell me that it was my own fault, and that when the money was paid, I might go back to my friends and enjoy the comforts of a house! I told them that they would never get the 50,000 ducats they were always talking about; and to that they would call out, in a mocking tone, "*impossibile, impossibile,*" those being the words generally uttered by an unfortunate prisoner when they demand unconscionable sums.

To-day was Sunday—but

> "The sound of a church-going bell
> These valleys and rocks never heard;
> Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
> Nor smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

Though we were all feeling the cold so much, we had no fire to-night, being in too exposed a

position, and my sufferings in the morning were most severe. The fine weather of last night had gone, and with it that lovely view; in its place was nothing but the mist and clouds with which we were enveloped, the wind driving them along the side of the mountain. Pepino and several others who had slept by the fountain joined us, bringing a good supply of bread, some *confetti*, two terra-cotta jars and two *caraffe* of wine, and two or three bottles of Rosolio, a kind of strong liqueur, and a large handkerchief full of cherries, which had got wet the day before, and were now in a fermented state; but I had been so long without vegetable food that I ate all my share; they then drank a bottle of Rosolio, each taking a little out of my leathern cap.

I suffered terribly after this. I do not know whether the severe cold had anything to do with it or not, but for the next four days I had a most violent attack of diarrhœa; and I fully expected that the brigands would have had to scoop out a

shallow hole to put my body in. The wine and spirit made them rather merry to-day, and they played a noisy game, thus: All stood in a circle, one being chosen by lot in the same manner as the sentinels were selected; he took a bottle of Rosolio and drank a little, and the bottle was then passed round from one to the other, and if the starter made the noise one does with the tongue when driving, the holder of the bottle was not to drink, but to pass it on; but if he said "*esso,*" the lucky holder at that moment was allowed a draught. Of course the expectant is often tantalized by a pause, and after all is disappointed. When the bottle gets low, it passes round and round again without anyone being allowed to drink, and the merriment is great. Of course the one who has been allowed to drink then gives the word to the others. I was asked to join, but I was too ill to enjoy the fun.

I thought of trying to escape to-day. I was left alone a few moments, and immediately went

quietly along the ledge away from the band, but very leisurely, as if escaping was the last thing I was thinking of; and very fortunately too, as Giuseppe and his consort were some little way off in the direction I was going. They saw me, and immediately wanted to know where I was going, and I had to make some excuse; and those in charge of me had a good blowing up for not looking better after me. In the evening I was delighted to hear that they would not sleep again in such an exposed position, for all had suffered severely from the cold and wet, and we went back to the fountain, and a large fire was made, round which we all slept, with our feet towards the glowing embers. As soon as the sun was up we all went to a retired place to sun ourselves, as it was dangerous to keep up a fire during the day.

June 27.—A new companion came to-day; he was a nice-looking peasant lad; his crime,

as usual, was murder, but he was as merry as possible, and remorse did not seem to trouble him in the least. The captain is expected on Thursday; and, to my horror, I heard that he has written to the Prefect of Salerno to say that if the money is not sent up by the 5th July, my ears are to be cut off, and sent to my friends. I was also told that they had received a letter from the secretary of the Prefect. I felt too ill to care about anything, and told them that everything was as God willed, and that they might do what they liked with me.

June 28.—I suffered agony all day, and some *pasta* which I ate made me worse. I felt so miserable that at times I longed to die. I had not heard from my friends for nine days, but I still hoped that to-morrow the captain would come with money and letters. Money! money! if I had known that none would come for nearly two months, I do not think I could have lived. I

found a comfortable soft place between the trunks of two enormous beeches, a few yards from the rest of the band, so that I escaped hearing the frightful language they constantly made use of. To my joy I was allowed to remain in this place; but two or three never took their eyes off me.

To amuse myself I cut names in the back of the tree, and also a large cross. I also tried to cheer myself up with the idea of the captain coming to-morrow with sufficient money to induce them to come down in their demands, for I felt sure that until at least 15,000 ducats came they would continue asking 50,000. The reason I had for this idea was, that the original sum asked for the two Viscontis was demanded again and again until they had paid 15,000, and then the 40,000 ducats was reduced to 25,000, and I thought it would be much the same in my case. I could not sleep a wink all this night; I felt so ill and wretched, and the horrible idea of the 5th July approaching would come into my head. I did not believe what

they had told me; but still it might be the case, for they have no regard for any one's feelings—they only think of the most ready way of forcing money from the relatives of their captive.

It was a fearful night, blowing a perfect hurricane, and the trees were all lashed into a perfect state of fury. It did not rain, but the clouds with which we were enveloped kept driving by, drenching everything. Pavone slept and snored under the half of my *capote*, and his odour was very "loud" and unpleasant. The feeling of being obliged to lie in such close proximity to a double-dyed murderer was almost more than I could endure; and I am afraid that he must have found me a most uncomfortable bedfellow. I kept hitting him to stop his snoring,—rolling myself round and so dragging the covering from him, and groaning from the pain I suffered; but I must say that for all that he was most forbearing. He could see that I was very ill, and I kept impressing on him that I should be

dead in a few hours, unless a change for the better took place. He told me that there was a chance of some cheese made from cows' milk coming up to-morrow, and that it would be very good for me. It seemed to me a most curious remedy, and the last thing in the world I should have chosen; but in the end it certainly did me good.

June 29.—In the morning I discovered that they had half a bottle of absinthe: this was given to me by Andrea the executioner, to my great astonishment, for he always grudged me every mouthful, but just now he was suffering from an attack of fever, and I suppose this made him feel a little for me; he told me to keep the bottle in my pocket, so that the others might not take it from me. I put a little into all the water I drank, and from this time I gradually recovered, but I was not well for several days. I am thankful to say that this was the only

serious attack of illness I suffered from all the weary days of my detention; at a later date I nearly died from starvation, but I soon recovered when I obtained a fair supply of food.

To-day it was very clear, all the clouds of last night having blown away, and from the place where I was lying, all that well-known view of the plain of Salerno, bounded on the south by the mountains below Pæstum, was visible. I could see the white houses forming the village of Battipaglia where I was taken, but the old temples, yellow from age, were not to be distinguished. I had, however, no taste for scenery just now, for I could think of nothing but the coming of Manzo, hoping that a good sum of money had been sent to him. Minute by minute, hour by hour, the day passed by: how long it appeared! at last darkness set in, and we retired to the place where it was possible to make a fire in security; then another sleepless night was passed, though I did not suffer as I had done the night before.

June 30.—About the middle of the day, I was thrown into the greatest state of excitement by seeing Manzo and Lorenzo quietly walking towards us. The captain said nothing to me, but handed me an Italian-English dictionary I had written for, and in it were two letters from my wife, and one in English from Mr. Richard Holme. (This was the first I had heard of this gentleman who so nobly stepped forward on behalf of Mr. Aynsley and myself, and who, at the risk of his life and liberty, went backwards and forwards between Giffone and Salerno, carrying letters and money to Signor Visconti's house, to be forwarded to the brigands for my liberation. Manzo and the others had often told me that the secretary of the English consul was at Giffone or Salerno, having no doubt heard of Mr. C—— and Mr. Holme being there at different times; and they might have made an attempt to pounce upon the money *en route*. I afterwards heard that the general in command at Salerno invariably offered my friends an escort

of soldiers when they wished to leave Salerno, an offer which was, of course, thankfully accepted. In Italy it is highly dangerous to carry large sums of money; life is held in such little esteem that hundreds would have thought nothing of taking any life that stood between them and the coveted gold.)

I was delighted at the sight of the letters, but my heart sank when I asked Manzo how much money, and the answer was returned of *niente*. The horrid talk about my ears came to my mind again, but I was relieved when I was told that no money was sent because my friends thought I was dead, and would send no more unless they received a letter in English from me to prove I was alive. I directly saw that this was a clever device to induce the brigands to let me write in English and enable me to give hints regarding the course they should pursue at Naples.*

As soon as I received the letters (and how those from my wife made me grieve!) Manzo

came to me and told me to write to the consul and my wife, and that I might write two lines of English in each. I told him that it was impossible to say anything in two lines and got with difficulty permission to write *five* lines, but not a word more. Into these few lines I contrived to squeeze as much information for my friends as possible, telling them of my real state, and of my great desire to be liberated, also how they were to distinguish in future between what was really written by me, and what was dictated. And I mentioned that the band would never reduce their demand as long as they believed that the government would pay. These letters were sent off by Pepino Cerino and his band. Manzo remained with us and told me that the messenger would return in four days.

* I afterwards heard that this letter was concocted by Messrs. Holme and C—— at Salerno with the view I supposed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTIVE'S DIARY CONTINUED: JULY 1 TO JULY 17.

Waiting for an Answer—The Soldiers again—We retreat—How they encouraged me to move on—A narrow Escape—News of Giardullo's Capture—How it was effected—Gambling again—I lend my Comb—Place aux dames—Orchard robbing—A meal of Onions—Pavone steals my Socks—The Fame of Crocco and Borjès—Telescopes—Sheep-stealing—Another Night Walk—I write more Letters—Guange offends Manzo—Manzo enforces Discipline—Feeling of the Band towards him—Scarcity of Water—Sentonio's Water-bottle—Mysterious disappearance of the Contents—Lorenzo physics himself—I am threatened by all—I think seriously of cutting my Ears myself—Proposal to emigrate under my Leadership.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day Manzo, after his usual custom, sent me off under the charge of Sentonio and Lorenzo higher up the mountain. It was bitterly cold, and where we were sent, there was no chance of getting any sun. Lorenzo here again confided to me his intention of giving himself up to justice as soon as my money was paid. I tried the plan of bribing him, but got the same answer that Pavone gave me—that he feared the vengeance of Manzo on his relatives. What a horrid place we were now in! It was very damp, and the ground covered with large pieces of rotten wood crumbling to dust at the least touch.

In the evening the band came up to sleep in this place, Manzo considering that it was hardly safe close to the fountain for fear of the soldiers

coming there for water. Ferdinando, who had been a soldier in the Italian army, with four others, was sent down to the plain to forage for bread. Manzo was far more cautious than the others, and would allow no fire in the morning.

Every morning my joints grew stiffer and stiffer from the effects of the cold and damp, and I dreaded much the rheumatism that I felt sure I should suffer from afterwards. About nine o'clock there was an idea that some people were at the fountain, and Manzo went a little way down to reconnoitre, but returned, saying there was nothing: in five minutes more the sentinel who had been sent further down, came running up in a great state of alarm, saying that fifty soldiers were at the fountain. I was immediately told to run up the mountain, and they would hardly let me pick up my little bundle of things and my *capote*. The bread was taken, but the water-barrel and *caldaja* were left behind, and I was driven before them.

I was exceedingly weak from the effects of my late illness, and soon slackened, but they immediately stimulated my pace with the muzzles of their guns, and they used all their exertions to put at least a mile of thick wood between them and their foes. (From a conversation I had after my freedom with the officers at Giffone, I found that the troops had had no idea that those they were looking so eagerly for were so close to them). And when the brigands found that they were not followed, they took it more leisurely, and after another mile they halted on a high mound, sloping down on three sides, the other side being in the opposite direction to the soldiers.

Here we waited for the men who were expected with bread, great fears being expressed for their safety, lest they should have fallen in the way of the troops, who were just where they would pass in making their way to join the band. In about two hours some stones were heard falling from the extreme top

of the mountain, and scouts were sent immediately to go and see whether it was occasioned by their companions or by the soldiers, when it was found to be the former; and in the course of another hour they rejoined us, reporting that they had seen the force at the fountain. They had not been able to get any bread on account of the force in the plain. The soldiers had caught some women who were bringing up bread, *confetti, rosolio* and bacon on the back of a donkey, just as the things were about to be given to Ferdinando and his party, who actually saw the soldiers seize everything, being only a few yards off. Had they come up a few minutes later, the brigands would have been captured with the food.

This all shows the difficulty the troops have in finding the brigands; they had no idea where they were, and the brigands saw the soldiers and escaped without the latter even knowing that they were near. We heard that about a week before, the

band got information that in the southern part of the province of Salerno, *Capo* Giardullo, another brigand captain and his band, consisting of about thirty men, had been surprised, and four killed and three wounded. Giardullo, and eventually all but four old hands, gave themselves up to justice, and are now safely lodged in the prison at Salerno. Great commiseration was expressed for them. "Oh, dear companions!" being the phrase continually uttered. In Giardullo's case information was gained that a peasant had just taken food to the band; he was met by the troops, and with a pistol at his head was made to retrace his steps, and show where the hiding place of Giardullo was; the sentinels were all asleep, and the brigands were pinned in the cave where they were passing the night. They immediately fired at the soldiers, who returned their fire with the result mentioned above. The rest all escaped, but gave themselves up afterwards. I presume that they had realised sufficient plunder to

enable them to live comfortably in prison, for their friends, under certain regulations, are allowed to send them food and anything they may require.

The band remained here all day, and for a wonder gambling went on quietly for some time. I felt very miserable, for the messenger was to have returned on Sunday to the fountain, but now this fresh *disgrazia* would make a fresh delay. Early in the afternoon we crept silently through the woods, descending the mountain, and at last struck a path which led us over some hills covered with broom. We arrived at last at a spring of excellent water where we rested half an hour, and then went on again for an hour, halting on some open ground, surrounded by low hills. Here the captain and three men went on some distance in order to see whether the country was clear from the dreaded force. The ground was a soft marl, to which the heavy rains so prevalent in this part

of the country had cut deep courses. There were many boulders of white limestone scattered about, some of them supported on pillars of earth, the surrounding ground having been washed away.

I was told here that we were to go on walking till daylight, so I took the opportunity of getting all the rest I could; but the inveterate gamblers were hard at work again. It was here that some of the band insisted on borrowing my comb, and it was returned to me full of filth. I felt very disgusted, but had to make up my mind to this as well as to giving up to one of the women, Maria by name, a piece of bread I had saved, who exercised the privilege of her sex in changing her mind, having refused to eat in the morning when she was offered her own share. While here I was delighted at hearing a number of linnets singing most sweetly. In about three quarters of an hour, a whistle from the direction the captain had taken told the band all was safe, and in a few minutes we were on our way again.

We soon came to an excellent mule road passing through plantations of enormous chestnut trees, the fields being all well cultivated. It now grew quite dark, and we began to descend, the road being on the verge of a precipice for some miles; the valley was deep below us, and the site of a town was clearly marked out by a grand illumination, which speedily broke out into a blaze of fireworks, the rockets illuminating all around. I inquired what it was all for, and was told that it was a *festa* in honour of the Madonna. We stopped some time enjoying the spectacle; the good people of the town of Montella little thinking that the dreaded brigands were so near. When we got lower down greater caution was observed, and we walked through the cultivated ground a little way from the road. We passed some large heaps of firewood, and at a hut near, a dog barked most violently at us; at last we reached the bottom of the mountain, and an excellent level road crossed our path at right angles, evidently leading to the town.

I felt a great inclination to dash along it and make an attempt to escape, but I was too closely surrounded by my guardians, who had had fresh orders to look carefully after me. I heard some of them tell the others that it was here that the provisions had fallen into the hands of the soldiers at ten o'clock last night. I could now see the high mountains on the other side of the plain, and I was told that we had to go right over the highest, which was a very long way off; and that we must get a long way up before daybreak. We soon came to a river: some walked through without hesitation, the water coming a little higher than their knees. I took the opportunity of drinking some water, for our long walk of seven hours had made me very thirsty. I asked when we should have something to eat, but was met with the cheering answer of "Who knows?" A sturdy fellow now came to carry me over the stream on his back, and he deposited me safely on the other bank.

A very little way further on we came to

a small house standing by itself, and close by were the ruins of another. We were hidden behind these, while Manzo and Andrea and the secretary of Cerino's band, went to the house, and in about half an hour came back to us with a quantity of Indian-corn bread; but this, when divided, was but little for about forty men, and the share of each was very small. Mine was very mouldy, and I was told to keep half for the next day. The moon was shining brightly and lighted us through a succession of orchards and gardens. At one place we pillaged a patch of onions growing in rows between Indian corn. I secured several, besides those that some of the band gave me. How delicious they seemed to me! Nature craved for vegetable food after a long abstinence from it, and I fancied some of my fastidious friends' expression of face could they have seen me devouring these odoriferous bulbs like apples. Manzo would not allow a repetition of this onion plundering, lest too apparent

traces of the band should be left behind. At another place a cherry-tree being discovered, up went one of the band in an instant, and instead of picking the fruit from the boughs, the branches were torn off and thrown down to those below, and in a few minutes little more than two or three bare poles were left. Unripe plums, apples, and pears, soon filled our pockets, and after great difficulty all were reassembled in marching order, and climbing up the high walls forming the terraces of earth, and gradually getting on higher ground.

We passed a newly-made road, running from a village that was a little higher up on our right-hand side, and appearing to join the highway, which I was told went to Apulia. Hour after hour passed as we toiled through corn fields, every now and then having to wait for the stragglers, among whom was Lorenzo, who always had been kind to me: he was suffering from tertiary fever, the result of a cold caught in getting wet through a few days before. At last

they all got so tired that they told the captain they would not walk any more; but he told them that when it was light they should rest for a few hours, so on we went till day broke, and then they threw themselves down under an oak, and in a few minutes all but the sentinels were fast asleep. Here Pavone took advantage of my slumber to abstract a new pair of socks from my pocket, which I kept there for a change, and I had the satisfaction, a day or two after, of seeing him wearing my property. I tried to rescue them; but he only laughed at me. I did not wake up much before ten o'clock, and found the brigands in a great state of excitement, the sentinels having seen four carriages passing along the road to Apulia. I was told that Apulia was the head-quarters of brigandage, and that they had a general there named Crocco,* who they said was

* For an account of this distinguished "general," I must again refer my readers to the works of Count Maffeo and Mr. Hilton. The doings of General Borjès are also there fully described.

in communication with Rome. I asked how many he had under him. "A thousand men and many captains," was the reply, "as well as six hundred in the Basilicata." They also told me that in 1861 Spanish Generals came to lead those fighting for Francis II. against Victor Emmanuel, and that one of them named Borjès had an enormous black beard which they said he always held in his left hand when he drank milk, of which he was very fond.

At midday we went to the top of the mountain, and waited there till the evening. To-day I had the luxury of a little butter which Andrea had obtained from the house when he went with Manzo to get the bread. In this part of Italy it is very rarely made; but when they do make it, it is put into little bladders. The brigand way of eating it is to spread it half an inch thick on bread, and then to put it out in the sun to melt. It was rather rancid; but by this time I

was not over nice as regards the quality of anything, particularly luxuries.

Telescopes were in full use all day; the captain had got a new one from somewhere or other, and was very pleased with it. In one letter to my wife he had made me write for the best English telescope to be obtained in Naples, either from a man-of-war or merchant vessel, without any regard to cost; but, fortunately, I had written two words in English, and this had determined him not to send the letter, and thus saved my friends the trouble of looking after a glass.

I was rather amused at seeing one of the men turn out of his pocket a pair of blue cloth trousers, which Manzo immediately seized and put on; his old ones he gave to Scope, whose attire was in the most deplorable state. We were very thirsty, for we had had no water since last night, and had walked many hours after drinking.

When it grew dark Manzo and all the band (except four or five who remained with me) went away, with orders that I was to be brought on in about an hour. After waiting this time I was taken over the crest of the mountain, along ground level at first, and then slightly descending to some rocks, where we found the rest of the band eagerly watching a large flock of sheep passing along the bottom of the valley. I came up just in time to see how they take the sheep. Manzo, Justi, and two or three more, had gone down the hill-side stealthily, and hid behind a rock, and when the flock passed opposite them, they darted out and rushed down to the two shepherds, who of course were powerless in the presence of armed men; two then went with the flock to their resting-place where the sheep are milked, and the cheese made. As soon as they had gone, we went down to join the captain. The brigands raced down the hill with much joking. I tried to do the same, but found

that I could not manage it like they did, and so I went down more soberly. When we reached Manzo we heard that the shepherds were going to cook three sheep for us, for the band could not do the cooking because of the loss of their cauldron, and that the captain had ordered them to bring up some milk for me. We then ascended the hills on the other side of the valley, and at the top waited for the promised meal. In a short time one of the shepherds and a little boy brought up a barrel of water, which was most welcome; and then I laid my head on my *capote* and slept soundly for about an hour and a half. I was then awoken by the arrival of the milk and some bread, which were very welcome after two days diet of mouldy Indian-corn bread. A few minutes afterwards the meat came up in milk pails, and was divided into shares. I was unlucky in my share, as it consisted only of large bones with hardly anything on them; but I felt thankful for the bread and

milk I had just had. We could now see the fires of four sheepfolds along the valley, which were all visited on our way, the band waiting at each one while two or three of them went to the shepherds and took or bought their stock of rye bread. The dogs in the valley kept up a tremendous howling, which did not die away till we got some distance from the flocks. The walking to-night was of quite a different kind to any I had experienced before.

The country, instead of being wooded and mountainous, was bare, undulating, and very sandy, and with very little or no water, and we suffered much for want of it for two or three days. Here and there, there were patches of rye and potatoes; and when passing the cultivated parts, Manzo ordered the band to scatter, so that no distinct trace might be left of their passage. We kept walking all night in a southerly direction, and towards the morning went down a steep hill, and descended into the rocky bed of a

winter torrent. Here I was told to sit down, and was left under the charge of the secretary of Cerino's band, who told me that we were going to Calabria. This made me very miserable, for the farther I got from Giffone the more difficult it would be to get the money, as Signor Visconti very properly would not hand over any without an order from me. While I was waiting here, the rest of the band went down the river bed searching for water, and at last they found a little that had been left in a deep hole; but this was putrid, and full of sand, and I thought it prudent not to drink any. In a short time I was told to follow Andrea, who, while I was with him, kept me at a little distance, and never took his eyes off me. We followed the river, having to go down most awkward places, which were waterfalls when the river was full. All the stone was polished, which made walking very difficult; and at last we had to climb up a most precipitous rock in the best way we could. The foremost

would pull up the next, while the one behind assisted by pushing.

It was now morning, and we entered into a dense wood covering the mountain, which was destined to be our hiding-place for some time. In a few minutes we came to a grassy spot, and orders were given to stop there for the day. The grass was very wet from the heavy dew, and, to make it more comfortable, it soon began to rain heavily. The bread obtained from the shepherds was divided; it was made of rye flour, and was as hard as a stone. In a very short time the blows of an axe were heard close by, and then those of another a little way off. At the sound of these the brigands pricked up their ears, and Manzo, with two or three others, went to see what use could be made of the wood-cutters. We were told to creep noiselessly farther away from where they were at work, and fault was found with me (as always was the case) because I did not make myself sufficiently in-

visible, my observation that I was a foot and a half taller than some of them only serving to increase their anger. Many a time did I get a thump on the back because of this. When the captain returned, he reported that there were two men and three women, and that they had arranged to bring some bread for us. Our sufferings from thirst were very great again to-day, and I was compelled to drink the muddy water, the flavour of which was not improved by being brought to me in the inside of one of their wide-awakes. At nightfall we went to a gully near the top of the mountain. It was full of dead leaves, with which I made a comfortable bed, and Sentonio built up a level space close to me with the stones he had picked up. Some slept above and some below me, in order to prevent all chance of escape.

The next day, July 5, I was ordered to write more letters, from which I knew that I was going to be left under the charge of a few while the others went for more money. Manzo

was rather irate with me to-day, and told me that if money did not come this time, my head would be sent to my friends. I made my usual remark, "Just as you please;" and asked him how long he would be, and was told six days.

I had a specimen to-day of the treatment which members of the band received on displeasing their captain. Guange, who had been a soldier in the Italian army, and who had become a brigand merely for having been away from his regiment one day without leave, was having an altercation with one of his comrades, and, like these people, wished to have the last word. Manzo told him to be quiet; and just because he did not obey at once, he rushed at him, knocked him down, and kept hitting him and rubbing his face on to the stones. Still Guange would not be quiet, until Manzo had pounded his face into a jelly, it being quite bruised, and bleeding freely. Even his gums were cut badly from the grinding against the ground.

Manzo looked a perfect demon when excited; he curled up his lips and showed all his teeth, and roared at his victim, jerking out his words. The implicit obedience generally shown to him by the members of his band was extraordinary. They loved him on account of his unselfishness as regards food, he being always willing to give away his own share; and they feared him because he had shown on one or two occasions that he did not scruple to shoot any of them on the spot if they refused to obey his orders.

In the afternoon the promised provisions arrived in the shape of bread, a ham, and sausages. Shortly after this Manzo went away, leaving six men with me. The next day (6th July) we moved lower down the mountain, and found a small level spot, free from trees or bushes, close to an old hut that had been used by the woodcutters in the winter. In this was found an earthen jug of a curious shape, which

proved very useful. A quantity of strawberry and raspberry plants also grew here; the strawberries were just in season, and were most delicious. I longed to be allowed to search for them. One day, a lover of fruit went on an expedition after them, and brought back his cap full; these were divided among us, I getting my share with the rest. We remained on this mountain till the 16th July.

The weather was very fine but very hot, and I suffered frightfully from thirst, being supplied like an animal, only once a day, or rather once a night, for the water always came up at about ten o'clock, an hour or two after I had gone to sleep; and it was so cold that it always kept me from sleeping half the night. Two or three times they brought up none for me, and I had to do without it for forty-eight hours. A small winebottle full was the quantity they gave me, and sometimes one of them would drink half of that before handing it over to me. They

abused me terribly if I asked for more; but one night I got the better of them. The old brigand, Sentonio, was sleeping next to me, and he had got an earthenware jar full of water, which he (to prevent its being drunk) used as a pillow. I had been done out of my allowance by him the day before; so, when he was asleep, I quietly pulled out the leaves, which always serve the brigands for corks, from the mouth of the jar, and then inserted a tube, and, exhausting the air, I got all I wanted, and before morning nearly emptied the vessel. It was great fun to see his puzzled face when he woke, as he put it to his lips for a draught.

The fountain where they got the water was at least a mile off, and once or twice the soldiers went to it; but information was always given to the brigands beforehand by a peasant who lived in a cottage at the bottom of the mountain—a regular system of signals having been established between him and the band by means of blows of

an axe on a tree, a different meaning being conveyed according to the number of blows. They were much put out one day by my telling them that their friend wanted one of them to come down to him, and that he was waiting in a patch of potatoes. I knew that there was a cottage by the constant barking of a dog in one place. I always made a point of telling the brigands all I found out, and the different lies each would tell about the same thing, served to confirm me when I was doubtful about anything. One day we moved our position, and I was sent with Pavone and two others to our old place in the gully at the top of the mountain; they missed the way, going too far to the right. I kept telling them they were going wrong, but they would not listen to me; but at last, after a great deal of bad language, and the poor Madonna being called all sorts of names, they took my advice, and we soon found the desired place. Afterwards I heard them telling the others that I

knew far too much. It was very tedious lying all day and night in the same position, for many days in succession.

One day they amused themselves by telling me that Manzo had given himself up to justice, and that they were going to increase the sum required for my ransom; then one by one they came to me, telling me in a confidential way that this was the worst thing that could happen to me, for Manzo always took my part when they wanted to mutilate me. Pasquale, who was always urging Manzo to cut my ears off, told me that he had been chosen captain; but I told him that they would never choose a man like him, for he could neither read nor write. He told me that he had 4000 ducats deposited with his friends, which was afterwards confirmed by several of the band; but I told him that money did not make a man. Ferdinando told me that they had had news that my wife was dead, and though I felt sure that they were all telling falsehoods, yet the thought often

came over me, and did not tend to cheer me up. The captain was so long away that food began to run short; for peasants, after they have provided a certain quantity, and secured a good sum of money, do not like running a further risk of 20 years in prison—their punishment, should they be discovered in aiding and abetting the brigands.

At first the woodcutter sent up a supply of first-rate bread every two days, the loaves weighing seven pounds a-piece; and on one occasion, a quantity of cooked maccaroni in a sieve, as well as a boiled fowl for Lorenzo, who still suffered from fever. He did not fancy it; I offered to cut it up for the whole party. I began in the usual way, but this was far too slow for the savages, who took it in one hand, and then tore off the limbs with the other, and it was divided into eleven shares. Lorenzo at last got some quinine and castor oil; and as brigands never do anything by halves, and this rule holds good with medicine, he drank a good-sized bottle of the oil at once, and took every ninety minutes as much quinine as would

lie on a franc. This violent treatment seemed to succeed, for it cut short in one day the fever which had been on him a fortnight, and he soon recovered his usual strength. Another man suffered from a dreadful abscess inside his cheek, and for this he used a fomentation of a kind of straw in water. A week after Manzo left us, we had to go two days without anything to eat, so a foray was made into the country near, and three sheep alive brought back. When they were being cut up, I was much disgusted at seeing Generoso and Antonio, who generally acted as butchers, tearing mouthfuls of raw meat, with their teeth, from the carcase, just like wolves. I asked them why they did not wait for it to be cooked, and they said, "Why should we, when we are dying of hunger?"

To make amends for this unpleasant night, I was delighted at seeing a new water barrel which would hold a good supply, sufficient for the day, so that my torments from the want of water this hot weather I hoped would be spared me. Few

living in our land of comfort know what it is to be without water for forty-eight or even twenty-four hours—the fearful thirst one wakes with, and the throat so parched that it is almost impossible to speak. Just before these arrived, Pavone and four others went down to the cottage to see if they could get anything, and returned with some small potatoes and some peas, which they call *ciceri*—the word which all were required to say on the night of the Sicilian Vespers; those who were unable to pronounce it properly being set down as French and killed. It is a curious sort of pea, there being only one large pea in each pod. I was so hungry that I ate a quantity uncooked; an earthen vessel was procured, in which the meat was stewed, in place of the *caldaja*, the loss of which they deplored much.

Day by day I got more desponding at the non-arrival of the captain; the 15th had arrived, and it was about eight o'clock, when an earthen jar was broken in order to make a sort of plate. The noise of this directed Carmine Amendolo to us,

and he suddenly appeared in the middle of the party without their having heard his approach; he looked very sulky and half-starved. I asked him where the captain was, to which he only vouchsafed the reply of "Above." I then inquired whether money and letters had arrived, and a jerk of the head upwards told me that I was again disappointed, after all the painful hours of anticipation I had gone through.

At this all broke out reviling me, some darting at me with knives, threatening to kill me. Even Pavone, who always had half of my *capote* at night, threatened me, and I spent the most uncomfortable hour possible, expecting every moment that their threat of cutting off my ears would be carried into execution. I had determined, should they approach for that purpose, to cut off the top of one myself, hoping thereby to save the bottom of the ear, as I could conceal the loss of the upper part with my hair; but happily the captain showed himself, and told me that Visconti had not sent his messengers to the

place appointed on account of the numerous force round Giffone.

One night, while in this spot, I was taken with the band to the fountain where the water was procured. A piece of hollow wood had been thrust into the ground, and the water ran along it, pure and sparkling, into a large wooden trough. At a right angle to this trough was another very long one, which I presume had been placed here for the convenience of watering sheep: they had, however, the appearance of not having been used for some time. I took advantage of being here, and washed my face and hands with a little piece of soap I had begged from Andrea some time ago; it was a great luxury at the time; but the next day I suffered more than ever from the musquitoes, who seemed to enjoy the clean flesh. I wished to do more in the washing line, but my cautious friends would not hear of it, being afraid lest the soldiers should suddenly appear. It was a lovely night, the moon shining brightly; and

instead of returning to our lair in the wood, the band ascended the hills in the opposite direction. I was delighted with the exercise, for I had not been allowed to move for several days. When we arrived on the top signals were made, which were soon answered by the half dozen who had left our part of the band a few hours ago, and we saw them moving along the sharp outline of the rocks, the bright moonlight making the brigands look like giants. We made our way up to them, and I was told to go to sleep; but the scene was too lovely to lose, and so I sat wrapped up in my cloak, with my back against a large stone. In a short time I heard the tramp, tramp, of men passing over stony ground; it came nearer and nearer, and at last I could see four or five of the brigands approaching, carrying a supply of bread, which had been sent from some town. Home-made bread is as different from baker's bread in Italy as it is in England, the latter being not half so satisfying as that made in the houses of the peasants.

We then went down to a most inaccessible place on the side of the mountain towards the east: it was most breakneck work, the descent being nearly perpendicular.

We stopped here all the next day. At about midday, more bread arrived, and on my remarking on it, and giving my opinion it was made in a house, I was told in a most angry way by Lorenzo that I was to see and know nothing, and never to ask any questions, but to be satisfied when provisions came and not to care where they came from. He added that I knew far too much—in fact, more than was good for me. I laughed, to the disgust of several of them, and told them that I wanted to learn all I could about brigandage, to tell the good people in England, for they had no idea of their manners and customs, and that they need not care about what I knew, for I should go immediately to England, fifteen hundred miles off, when I was free.

I used to have numerous questions about

England, and they were astonished to hear that we were governed by a Queen, who I told them was good and beloved by all; that there were no brigands there, not even one. They made minute inquiries about the royal family, the army, and prices of provisions, and so forth, and said they all longed to be in a country where labour was so well rewarded. It was most amusing to see their eyes when I told them of California and Australia, where gold was dug out of the earth.

At last they said that they would all go there if I would be their captain! I thanked them much for the honour they showed me, but I told them that both I and my wife loved our country too much to leave it, and that I thought that if she went with us she would be in the way, and that I could not leave her behind in England. Justi then proposed to come with me to England, and offered to work for me for nothing if I would give him food and clothing: up to the last he was harping on this idea, but I always talked of the

difficulty of his leaving Italy with a passport. In the evening we returned to the place we had left the night before.

The same day that Manzo arrived soldiers were seen on the mountains opposite, and after a careful survey through the glasses, I was sent off to the top of the mountain, and we waited on the opposite side till the captain and band came to us. It was a very noisy and quarrelsome day, for the men that had just returned with Manzo were half-starved, and would eat up the meat that had been kept in reserve; and Manzo was very indignant when he found that two sheep had been eaten in about an hour. This was the first time that I had seen the operation of roasting on a grand scale; the small pieces of meat into which the whole sheep is always cut up were stuck on long skewers, and then these were rested on forked sticks, and the pieces were eaten as fast as done. Sometimes it was rather underdone, and then the piece would be thrown down

into the hot ashes, and, when it was done to their fancy, would be eaten, though covered with dirt. The correct way to clean it was to rub it on the first thing handy, generally their trousers. I came off very badly to-day, only getting a tongue, which I had to cut out of a head that had just been skinned; the operation made me feel rather sick, but I found necessity a hard master, and one whom I was obliged to obey.*

In the early part of the afternoon we had the excitement of hearing a gun go off close by; all began to bolt, when it was discovered that the captain's had gone off by accident. I told him that whoever let his gun off ought to be fined thirty ducats to be spent in buying Rosolio for the band the first opportunity. This rather took their fancy.

* I cannot help feeling that my narrative may be open to the remark that it contains a great deal about cooking, eating, and drinking. It must be remembered, however, that these operations not only form the most important features in the domestic life of ruffians living, as brigands do, from hand to mouth; but that while I was with the band, these operations were of sufficiently rare occurrence to be highly interesting to me.

CHAPTER V.

DIARY OF THE CAPTIVE CONTINUED : JULY 17 TO 22.

A good View of the Country—A real live Wolf—A good Omen—Striking a Light with a Percussion Cap—A Brigand Bivouac—Cooking Scene—The first Whisper of a Reduction in the Ransom—Pasquale's kind Advice to the Captain—Manzo leaves me again—Scope's Gun goes off—I venture to Chaff him—A fair Challenge—His Revenge—Visitors from Giardullo's Band—Their Adventures—Manzo's Return—A Skirmish with the Soldiers—The Band is divided—Awkward Position of my Party—I am in great Danger—Thoughts of Escape—I hesitate to kill two Sleeping Men.

CHAPTER V.

JULY 17.—The captain now required six men to go with him, the rest having to remain. I could not understand why all were so loth to go with him, but I heard afterwards that a supply of food and some clean shirts were to be waited for, and all wanted to get them; but he called the required number by name, and they were obliged to follow us. In a short time we left the woods, and found ourselves on the highest ridge of a mountain; the rock was all limestone, much worn by the action of the rain. Though in such a very elevated spot it was considered unsafe to continue walking while it was still daylight; so we lay down, and I had an opportunity of enjoying the extraordinary view.

We were on the extreme east of the province

of Avellino, and, looking in that direction, a great plain lay stretched out at our feet, extending out to the South. Beyond the plain the mountains of Apulia were very visible, and over these the hazy blue of the Adriatic could be discerned. Turning round in the opposite direction was the Bay of Salerno, and between it and us all these mountains which had been my home for the last two months, and with the outlines of which I was now so familiar. A little to the west of north was Mount Vesuvius, and a little more to the west, and farther off, was Ischia. To the north-east were the rugged heights of the Basilicata, and to the south, the lofty mountains of Calabria. The river Sele near its source presented the appearance of a little silver thread that ran to the south through the plain, and at last lost itself in a large lake that lay glistening with the reflection of the setting sun; from this ran another river to the westward, which passed to

the south of the Salerno Mountains, and uniting with another branch that runs from the southward forms the large river which we crossed between Battipaglia and Pæstum. There was a town a little to the south-east on the other side of the plain, and another some way to the south near the tremendous precipices in which the mountains of Avellino seemed to terminate towards the east; and to the south of the lake, in the far distance appeared a very large town.

This view gave me a thorough insight into the topography of all this part of Southern Italy, and I recommend all those who intend to make a new map of Italy to ascend this mountain, and not to take for granted that the old maps are correct. I have not been able to find a single one that gives the least idea of the correct position of these mountains and plains. The brigands were amazed as I pointed out all the places to them, and eagerly inquired how I could know the directions, being a

foreigner, and never having been in this part before. I told them that any boy in England could do the same who had been taught at school; that the setting sun gave the points of the compass, and all the rest was a matter of course. "*E molto talento*" was the remark of all; but the conversation was suddenly stopped by an apparition a very little way from us. We saw a great, gaunt figure, with long ears, looking at us intently. "A wolf! a wolf!" was whispered round; and, without moving, we all looked at our visitor. At last Generoso got too excited, and ran towards it, intending to have a shot at it; but Manzo forbad him; and at the sound of a human voice the beast disappeared. I asked if wolves were common in these parts, and was told that there were several about, especially in winter, and that they carry off many sheep and lambs. We soon saw the wolf again, trotting along the ridge on our left, about half a mile off. He did not go farther, but sat up again on his

haunches, and did not take his eyes off us. We looked at him through the telescope, and a savage beast he appeared. At last, after sitting quiet for ten minutes, he jumped from stone to stone coming towards us; but we soon lost sight of him, and did not see him again. He evidently wished to pass in our direction, probably in search of water.

It was considered a most fortunate omen by the brigands; for who, they said, are greater wolves than we are? and they all determined to call this place *Lupi a Lup*, as they expressed it in their barbarous dialect. I noticed here a pair of ring ouzels, which kept flying from rock to rock; also two jays, which flew screaming past us.

When it grew sufficiently dark, we descended over the loose stones. It was blowing rather hard, and I had to tie my cap on with a handkerchief to prevent it from being blown away. The brigands were most anxious that I

should put on my cloak, on account of the cold; but I found it so much in my way going down steep places, that I generously lent it to one of them who was without one. I found it most difficult to keep pace with them, for, as I said, they ran down the mountain sides like goats. At last, after some hours' work, we came to cultivated land, and we ran down full pace. Then I could outstrip them, for I was not afraid of the loose stones. At the bottom we passed over a good deal of land covered with rye which was nearly ripe, and, as I went along, I plucked several ears which I put in my pockets. At last we came to where the mountain stream had cut a deep course in the solid rock, where, after rain, it ran thirty feet below the level of the adjacent ground. We had some difficulty in getting down to the bottom, and, after walking a little way, found several pools of water which had not yet evaporated. It was not at all good, but we drank it eagerly, for we had been walking

some time, and had had nothing to drink for over ten hours. We walked on, over the polished stone and dried mud brought down from the mountain sides; and passed down perpendicular places the tops of which were scooped out by the rapid winter torrent.

At last we came to a place by the side of a giant trunk of a tree, which showed the force of the water that had carried it down such a way from where it grew. Here a fire was to be made, to cook two legs of mutton that the provident Lorenzo had hidden from the harpies in the morning. Wood was collected, and, contrary to my usual custom, I assisted in the work, and, sitting on the large stem, broke off pieces from the parts that had become decayed by time. But when all was ready, it was discovered, to our great dismay, that there were no matches, for they had used the last one in lighting their pipes in the afternoon. But the old hands knew a trick or two, and obtained fire

from a percussion cap in the following way:— Some tow was rubbed in their hands, and a little gunpowder from a cartridge sprinkled among it. A needle was then passed through this, and the inside of the cap was scratched with the point of it. After a few minutes the cap exploded, and the ignited tow was carefully blown to spread the smouldering sparks. The tow was then covered with dry leaves, and, after a gentle fanning with small twigs, it was fairly blown upon, and a blaze appeared. In a few minutes the meat was roasting on spits. Some bushes grew by the side of the great log, which was at least from three to four feet in diameter, and on each side rose the white rock inclosing the rugged bed of the torrent; while above us was a lovely sky, with the stars shining, as they know how to shine in a southern clime, all the brighter from there being no moon.

Around the fire, illuminated by its blaze, were Manzo and his men, all watching with intense inte-

rest the preparation of their meal. When it was ready the others wanted, as usual, to stint me in my allowance; but Manzo interfered, and gave me twice as much as any one else, and reading them a lecture the while for not treating me more kindly. We had no bread: but I had got used to anything or nothing now. The great thing was to get something, however little it might be. The captain now appealed to me to know when the moon would rise, for it was too dark to think of moving without great necessity. I referred to my little sixpenny Letts's Diary that I had with me when captured, and in which I wrote my notes, and told him about two hours before day. We then lay down in the river bed on the hard stones, and soon fell asleep. When I was kicked up by Scope, the moon was high and shining brightly. We left the river, and were soon ascending again, and in a couple of hours came to a halt in a thick wood, where we waited all day for the rest of the band.

July 18.—I had saved a cubic inch of meat; but, with the exception of this and the ears of rye I had in my pocket, I had nothing to eat or drink all day. I was made to write more letters to-day, and was still compelled to demand 50,000 ducats, notwithstanding all my entreaties and remonstrances. "Write as I tell you," being the only response I could get from the captain. He told me, however, that when the next messengers arrived from Giffone perhaps he might write for a little less; there had been a grand talk a few days before among the band, and there was a pretty general consent to take 30,000 ducats, but they still had the idea that the Government would have to pay for me, and firmly believed that all the money was at Salerno, and they expected it all when the messenger arrived. They little knew what use I had made of the permission to insert a few lines in English in my last letter. If they had only known that I had requested

my friends to pay the whole sum! How I longed to write just one line more to tell my friends that perhaps 30,000 ducats would be accepted after all, but not one word would Manzo allow; he carefully read over every line to guard against it.

Early in the morning, when all the men were asleep, I saw Manzo sitting up and writing a letter, and as he clearly did not wish me to know anything about it, I pretended to be asleep.

About the middle of the day, we started off again, and made our way through the thick wood and fern. After about two hours walking we came to a deep gully, down the rocky sides of which we descended with great difficulty, and then climbed up a steep bank covered with the dead leaves of many past autumns. Here I was ordered to lie down, which I did with difficulty, resting my feet against one of the trees growing there. These sloping banks I disliked im-

mensely; many a time I had to sleep on them, and all night I would keep slipping down. I found it impossible to manage the operation as they all did. I firmly believe that any brigand would sleep soundly on a bank at an inclination of 80 degrees, and he would hang on by one elbow, and never move all night.

After being here about an hour, a rustling of the leaves and a snapping of dry twigs told us all (for by this time my hearing had grown quite as sharp as my captors,) that some one was near. "*Sono Christiani*" was whispered round (for among the brigands every human being goes by the name of a Christian); their guns were all pointed in the direction from which the noise came, and the captain and Justi crept noiselessly across the gully, and hid themselves in bushes on the other side. The comers proved to be twenty goats accompanied by a boy, who was pounced upon by Manzo and Justi when he reached their place of concealment. The poor

little fellow was very frightened at first, but soon recovered, and all three sat down, while the boy was carefully questioned by the two brigands. They were too far off for me to hear what passed, but I could see the little fellow gesticulating with his arms, most probably assuring them that he would do all they required, when they threatened to cut his throat should he attempt to betray them. This scene always takes place when the brigands fall in with peasants whom they do not know, especially in a strange district such as that in which we had been for the last month. The number of troops in their old haunts about Giffone and Acerno had, as I have said before, rendered it necessary for them to seek new quarters. Two or three times the shepherd boy ran off on an errand to procure bread and meat, and as often was he recalled and re-threatened. I presume the goats would have been missed, and the captain was unwilling to let it be known in the plain below that we were

in the neighbourhood; for the goats are taken down twice a day to be milked at the houses where milk is required. When the goats and the goatherd had left this part, we went on a little farther to the east, and found a level place, which we made our head-quarters for some time.

Two or three of the men went away, and returned in an hour with a black sheep and a goat; these were taken a little higher up the gully where we had rested, and a fire was speedily made with the aid of a percussion-cap, as before. The ground was covered with a very deep coating of leaves, which were all removed before the fire was lighted, for fear of their making a smoke; and before it was dark both these poor animals had disappeared down the throats of the detachment of the band, consisting of eight persons only! It was fearful to see them eat this mass of meat without bread. Manzo was most pressing that I should eat as they did; for, notwithstanding the abundance,

some of them grudged every morsel I ate, and he had to lecture them again on the way they treated the poor foreigner. "Is he not a Christian?" said he to Pasquale; "why should he not eat as well as you?" This Pasquale was one of Cerino's band, and did not participate in the ransom money which was paid for Mr. Aynsley and me; and he had not at all approved of the way in which he had been hunted about with the others by the soldiers, half-starved for so many weeks. In his answer to the captain he blamed the latter for not having cut off my ears long ago, as he would have done, had I been an Italian. "Send his ears to his friends at once; and if that does not bring the money, send his beard with his chin attached to it." Some of the others agreed with him, and there was an animated debate on the subject, all in my hearing. This, perhaps, was a good way to teach me the Neapolitan dialect, for I could not afford to lose a single word; and every now and then I had

to feel my ears, to make sure they were still my own property. I told them that they had better not touch me, for the General would kill all their relatives who were in prison, should a hair of my head be hurt; and, to turn the conversation, I asked Manzo what he would do with Victor Emmanuel, should he by chance fall into his hands? They all chuckled at such an idea, and Manzo declared that he would have ten millions of ducats, and *then kill him.* To Francesco II., if they caught him, they said they would give a good dinner, and then release him.

Carmine Amendolo had brought back with him a very curious pipe that he had obtained from the shepherds. It was made by them of wood, quaintly carved, and was brought to me *that I might make several like it,* for they had the idea I could do anything in that line. I excused myself on account of the smallness of my knife, and the want of the right sort of wood. This pipe ultimately came into my possession after my

liberation, being presented to me by Mr. Holmes, who obtained it from the officer who captured Amendolo, near Giffone.*

When it grew dark, Manzo and all but Pavone, Antonio, and one other, went off with the letters to Giffone, leaving strict orders that, if the rest of the band should arrive, they were to go on at once without stopping, to join him at an appointed place near Acerno. The valley to the south of us ran the whole way between the mountains to that place. I had seen Manzo point this out a day or two before, from the top of the high mountain where we had seen the wolf.

After they had gone, we were all four sitting close together, when I noticed Scope with the

* Apropos of pipes, I may mention that I had requested that a smart pipe should be sent to me that I might present it to Manzo. Mr. C—— accordingly forwarded one from Salerno; but Manzo intercepted it, and appropriated it at once, thus saving me the trouble of making a speech on presenting it to him. He did not, however, let me know that he had taken it.

point of his gun turned in the direction of my head. I objected to this, and told him that it was evident he was not an old brigand, for he did not know how to handle a gun. He could not bear being laughed at, so for fun I told him that I did not believe he could hit a haystack a few yards off, and offered to let him shoot at me a hundred yards off as often as he liked, if he would allow me just one shot at him first, at double the distance. I added that he would be firing at me all day for nothing, but that I should kill him the first time. He was speechless with rage, while his companions were roaring with laughter at him; but one of them put his finger on his lips, as a sign to me not to chaff him any more. All poor Scope could answer in return was to recommend me to go to sleep, which was the equivalent in their language for a hint to *shut up*.

By and by the rest of the band arrived; but, instead of bringing the expected supply of food

with them, they had eaten it all up on the road, and they were in a great rage at finding the captain gone without them, and refused to go farther that night. Pavone and Sentonio had a regular quarrel on the subject, but it all ended by our going a little way to the north, and lying down to sleep. They had brought the news that a very large force was concentrated round Giffone, and that, instead of being, as usual, on the plains, the troops were on all the mountains.

This was important news, for it placed Manzo and those with him in great danger, on account of their knowing nothing about it. I placed my wide-awake, and the stick that had been my friend all the time, against a tree at my feet; but in the morning, when I was roused an hour before sunrise in order to get more into the thick of the wood, I could see nothing of my stick. Pavone looked round for it, but without success, and I was obliged to leave the place without it. I found out afterwards that Scope, in revenge

for my having turned the laugh against him, had thrown it away; for he, like all the others, knew that I valued it, as I had cut an inscription on it. I generally put it by my side, but to-night I had omitted to do so. It was just like losing an old friend, and I did not get over the loss of it for two or three days. Justi told me all about it, and said he would cut me a better one.

Sentonio, and all except eight, now went to overtake the captain, but that night's delay on their part kept me in the mountains much longer than I should have been had Manzo known the precautions the soldiers were taking to prevent the money, which they knew had been sent to Giffone, from reaching the brigands. For although the civil authorities knew everything my friends were doing, and professed to do all they could for us, allowing Signor Visconti to undertake the task of forwarding the money, the military authorities were still determined that the ransom should not reach the brigands; and I am

afraid it gave them infinite vexation to find out that at last it passed through their lines safely into the brigands' hands. During the next two days three more sheep were eaten. The sheep in this district were all very fat, and the brigands' grease-pouches (which they all carried for greasing their boots and shoes) were all filled; and two or three little baskets of *racotta* were brought up from the shepherds. This seemed to me most delicious, having eaten nothing but meat for some days.

Just before daybreak on the morning of the 20th of July, there was a great alarm from the noise of several persons coming up the mountain from below, but on their giving the proper signal they were admitted past the sentinels; the rustling of the leaves in the distance awoke me with the rest, and I saw four men, all with guns, approach us; one had a cap on that had belonged to a captain of the national guard, and military trousers with a red stripe. I could see

at once that these were members of another band of brigands, and was much amused at seeing the enthusiastic way in which they were received by my guardians, who kissed them all round. They had brought up with them a kind of candle made by putting a piece of linen rag inside some fat; this was lighted, and they all sat around, discussing the last news. I was introduced to them as the *Inglese* about whom had been so much talk in the country, and which had of course reached their ears.

The remains of the evening's meal of meat was brought to them in the *caldaja* which the shepherds here had been forced to lend to the band, but unfortunately it had been put close to an ants' nest, and the ants had found their way to the meat and covered it by thousands, so that the pieces required much shaking and rubbing before they were eatable.

There was no more sleep that night, and many were the stories told by the hosts and the

visitors. These four men turned out to be the remains of Giardullo's band; all the others, after the surrender of their captain, having followed his example.* There was a great deal of talk about me and the two Viscontis, who had paid their ransoms; and the new-comers—by name, Carmanocchi, Carmine, Francesco, and another—recounted the exploits of their late band, and how they had been surprised in a grotto. Francesco, who wore the captain's hat, told how they had taken prisoners a captain, lieutenant, and ensign of the national guard all at once, as they were driving along the road; they had carbines with them which, with their uniforms, &c., were taken possession of at once. They were released after paying a ransom.

They also told how one day they were walking along with three captives, and they had fallen in with the troops, who immediately

* The troops had shot and wounded seven, as I before related (see p. 115).

fired, and killed, not one of the brigands, but one of the *galantuomini!* This anecdote was told to me with great glee. These men were much jollier and kinder to me than the men of Manzo's and Cerino's bands, and always shared with me their portions of food if I had none of my own. From what they told me, I concluded that Giardullo's band was satisfied with much smaller ransoms than Manzo demanded, the figure being generally from 5000 to 8000 ducats. The newcomers were well supplied with powder, caps, and balls, dividing the percussion caps with those who wanted them. I asked them how they knew we were in this part, and ascertained that they had learnt it from the shepherds, who communicate the movements of the brigands to one another with astonishing rapidity. They knew this part of the country well, and directed my guardians to go to some shepherds two or three miles from us to the south-west, as our other shepherd-friends had refused to bring any more *racotta,* or even to let us have any more sheep.

All but three went foraging, and after a good meal of milk and bread at the place where the sheep were, brought back a little pail of milk, and a round loaf of bread for us. The bread was sopped in the milk, and I, with the three brigands, sat round the pail and made a good breakfast, though at the early hour of four o'clock in the morning.

July 21.—This was the last food I was destined to taste for three days. During the night we were kept awake by a slight noise as of some one walking three or four hundred yards off; this was heard at intervals for two hours, and at last was ascribed to some wild animal. In the afternoon, I most fortunately cut another walking-stick of sycamore, Justi not having been able to find a holly tree for me, which wood makes the lightest and best sticks. Though heavy at first, it soon got lighter as the sap dried up. During the day Manzo and his men returned suddenly, and I saw at once something

was wrong—they had not been able to communicate with my friends at Giffone. They were in a dreadful state, having been walking the last three days and nights incessantly, without having had anything to eat, and they were of course grievously disappointed at our having no food for them, and vented their feelings accordingly by abusing and threatening me. Their eyes were red and glistening from the feverish state in which they were from over-fatigue and want of food; their clothing, too, was very much torn, and covered with dirt and dust, and the majority of them were very foot-sore. For a long time I was afraid to ask them any questions, going on the principle of "least said the soonest mended," especially as the question of cutting off my ears, &c. was again discussed. At last I learnt that there were 4000 soldiers concentrated round Giffone, and posts on all the mountains, so that the brigands were unable to remain near the town; and besides this, the peasants would not

provide any bread. Acerno and Giffone were described as depopulated.

I further heard that Lorenzo, Amendolo, Vaccara, and two others, had been left behind to endeavour to get the money, and that they were down in the plain inside the cordon of the military force. My friend Justi told me to cheer up, for he had no doubt they would be able to get the money, as my letters had been sent in safety to Signor Visconti's house. In one of these I had asked my friends to send me some American tobacco in order to soothe the minds of some of the brigands, who wished to hasten the arrival of the money by depriving me of my ears.

(I presume these letters, with one to Signor Visconti asking him to send on the money deposited in his house for that purpose, were all lost or destroyed by the messenger who carried them, for the five men above-mentioned could produce no authority from me to receive the

money from Signor Visconti, and after a few days they were all captured, as is related elsewhere.)

In the afternoon a woodcutter was commissioned to bring up bread to the shepherd's fire, and thirty ducats given to him for that purpose. At dusk the band went towards the shepherd's station, and when we came to the place where my stick had been thrown away, I was left behind under the charge of Pavone, Sentonio, and Scope. Sentonio grumbled much at being left, for he had been to Giffone with the captain, and had not eaten anything for more than three days; he stipulated that a good supply of milk and bread should be brought back. Those who went left their *capotes* with us, and we settled down for two or three hours' sleep; a long march was in store when the band returned from the shepherd's. About a quarter of an hour after they left us, they having descended into a little valley and ascended the opposite hill, we

heard the dreaded cry "*A te ch' e là?*"—the challenge of the Italian soldier—and immediately two or three shots were fired, the new-comer in the captain's cap firing first, Manzo coming next in order. After this there was a volley from the troops, and then the firing became general, all their balls coming straight in our direction. After this I distinctly heard the "*Avanti, avanti,*" of the Italian officers, encouraging their men to the attack. We all rose and took shelter behind the trees, for the balls were unpleasantly near our heads. The engagement lasted about a quarter of an hour; and then the firing gradually ceased, a few dropping shots only being heard afterwards. Pavone and Sentquo soon made up their minds to be off, talking much about the *tradimento* that had evidently taken place; and leaving everything behind them, drove me before them in the opposite direction to that whence I had heard the voices of the Italian officers.

We travelled towards the north at first, then eastward down the mountain side, as my keepers hoped there to fall in with the rest of the band, who were supposed to have run in that direction. We were in a desperate plight and without money, and I now began to be very apprehensive lest we should not fall in with the others, as I knew well the vengeful feeling entertained towards me by the men who had charge of me now that they were excited by the recent skirmish. Backwards and forwards we walked for hours, hunting the ground like pointers, but nothing was to be seen of our game, and it was impossible to make signals, because the soldiers might be near. At last Sentonio grew almost 'mad' with despair and hunger, and two or three times ran at me, flinging his arms about in the wildest manner, and tearing his hair out in handfuls. I kept as far from him as I could, but Pavone, who was afraid of losing me, made me keep close between

him and his maddened comrade. I fully expected to be murdered every moment, but after a time Sentonio calmed down and became almost childish in his manner. After a consultation we directed our course to the south, walking over the roughest rocks; and at last descending to a stream by a most difficult route, I drank a quantity of water, which had to suffice me for the three next days, during which we could get neither water nor snow.

After crossing the stream, we passed a short way along a mule path, and then walking through some standing wheat and rye, with which I filled my pockets, soon began to ascend a very steep mountain. Sentonio was speedily so worn out from his three days' walk to and from Giffone, that he could go no farther, and all three of us lay down. I was so tired with ten hours' walking, that I did not unrol the heavy *capote*, but, resting my head on it, was instantly asleep. In the morning of the 22nd I

was so stiff from the exposure to the night air after walking, that I could hardly move; but the stiff climbing, at which I was compelled to set to, soon relaxed my muscles. Sentonio was very weak, and could only go a short way, and then he had to rest awhile. We passed some great rocks and large caves, and after two or three hours rested in a small grotto for some considerable time.

I was placed inside while Sentonio and Pavone laid their carcases across the entrance, side by side, and Scope sat a little on one side out of our sight, keeping guard. The two former soon fell fast asleep; and Scope took off his shirt for the purpose of freeing it from vermin, having moved two or three yards away from his gun in order to get into the sun. I could not go to sleep, so I amused myself watching the beautiful butterflies of many species that kept flying about the face of the limestone rock, when suddenly a new thought

struck me. My eye fell on the guns of the two men sleeping in front of me; one was a double-barrelled one and the other single, and both were lying within reach of my arm without my moving. Here was the first time that I had met with anything like an opportunity of escaping; but, to take advantage of it, I must have shot two men, and then have been ready to shoot the third if he attempted to move. It was easy of execution, and I could not fail, there being no more of the band near, and I knew the way to the path we had crossed not very far off, which led to the town a little to the eastward. It was very tempting, and I set to work deliberately to think it over; but the more I considered, the more my mind revolted from shooting in cold blood two sleeping men, both of whom had always treated me as kindly as their circumstances would permit, and the probability of having to shoot a third—though perhaps I should have had less compunction in his case

than in that of the other two. I also thought that, sooner or later, our ransom would be paid, and that my life was not in immediate danger. If it had been, it would have been very different, and probably I should not have hesitated, but should have felt myself fully justified, in doing anything. I also thought of the remorse I should feel afterwards, if my plan was successful. It is a very different matter to kill a man or two in the excitement of a regular hand-to-hand fight; but I could not bring myself to do this sort of cold-blooded murder.

So, to divert my mind, I took out my prayer-book and read the Psalms, when—very curiously, and as if to guide me—I came across the passage, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord!" This struck me so forcibly, that it appeared to me as if sent for my special guidance, and it confirmed me in the determination to which I had come. What a relief this was to me! The half hour I had been pondering over the matter was,

I think, one of my hardest trials, and thankful I am that I did not give way to impulse, and blaze away without reflection.

I next amused myself by picking out the grains of wheat and rye from the ears I had plucked, and ate them thankfully with the crumbs from the bottom of my pockets, which I had carefully to examine in order to separate the earth and dust there was mixed with them. Some cattle now passed quite close to us; this woke up the sleepers.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTIVE'S DIARY: JULY 22 TO 31.

My Guardians are without Money—A bad Look-out—My Penknife put to a new Use—Meat and Fuel but no Fire—Necessity is the Mother of Invention—The Attack of the Soldiers explained—Failure when Success seemed certain—Scarcity of Water—An Attempt at Bribery—A cheerless Spot—They play me a shabby Trick—Manzo arrives again—An Abode assigned to me for the next Fortnight—Traces of Giardullo's precious Tenancy—An Attempt at Washing—No Food for three Days—A little raw rancid Fat—A Bone—I feed in a decidedly canine Manner—Two more Days without Food—I am at the last Extremity—Great Hardships—Manzo joins us again—I write once more at his Dictation—Cerino's Discomfiture.

CHAPTER VI.

We recommenced our weary way. It was only possible to go slowly, on account of the weak state of Sentonio, who required rest every ten minutes; tighter and tighter he drew his belt,* and every time he groaned over the number of holes in the strap outside the buckle. He did not expect to be able to procure any food for the next two days. All hope of finding the band in this part of the country was gone, and his pluck began to give way. Pavone told me that they knew the point for which the band would make, but it was a long way off, and there was no chance of meeting them before Sunday, whereas to-day was only Friday.

* This was their way of *screwing themselves up* when suffering from fatigue or hunger.

They did not like being without any money; so, to cheer up Sentonio, I told him I had a napoleon and a half, for I did not like the idea of his getting desperate, remembering his frantic state the night before. A complete change came over his face, and he said they would soon get food now that there was money, and curiously enough I heard the tingle of sheep higher up the mountain. My keepers told me there were none there, but in a minute or two they, too, heard the sound clearly, and determined to have a sheep at all cost. They asked me for the money; I gave it to them, but did not tell them I had another napoleon in reserve for another occasion. Scope was sent on ahead in the direction of the sheep, and we followed more slowly. At last we came to them, and I was made to sit down while Pavone and Scope bargained for the sheep. Pavone milked a goat into the top of his wide-awake, but he would not give me any of the milk, though I was suffering

much from thirst. The shepherd came down with a sheep to us, and my half napoleon was given to him as a *complimento,* and I got into a scrape because I looked at him. Very few minutes were lost before the poor sheep was killed and skinned, my tiny penknife being borrowed for the latter operation because it was sharper than the other knife they had.

But, when all was ready, the discovery was, made that there were no matches, and no needle to do the percussion-cap trick with. Scope was sent back to the shepherd, but he could not help us. We all looked at each other in a most despairing manner, when suddenly the thought struck me that my penknife was of excellent steel, and would do as well as or better than a needle. They shook their heads at my idea, but I told them to try, and in a few minutes we had a blazing fire; it was an exposed position, but hunger was not to be denied. As a great favour, I helped to collect wood, and we sat round the

fire watching the roasting of the meat. Pavone gave me the heart as a treat, and we made a good meal, that is, as good as we could without bread or water. As soon as we were satisfied, the fire put out, and the remainder of the sheep stowed away in their pockets, they hurried from the spot, fearing lest the soldiers might have observed the fire. It was very lucky finding this flock of sheep, for they were on their way down the mountain to go to the water, as they do every other day, and had we been ten minutes later, we should have missed our supply of food. We went on much more cheerily now, and in a short time came to a place where we had a good view of the direction we were to take. Up the valley to the west there was a great smoke rising out of a wood, and this was set down as coming from a fire made by the soldiers (this I learnt afterwards was the case). It was a lovely view facing the west. We saw on the right the mountain of Calabritto, where we had passed

the last week, its gentle slope down to the valley clothed in many places with wooded clumps; we saw the place where the fight with the soldiers had taken place the evening before; the shepherd had been questioned about it, and he told the brigands that none of their party had been hurt, but that two of the soldiers had been wounded, and that the last shots came from the soldiers firing at Guange at a distance as he crossed the river, and that hé stopped in the middle and returned the compliment with both barrels. The brigands, after the first firing, made their way down the mountain.

The woodcutter who had received thirty ducats to take up bread thought it better to send up a hundred soldiers instead of the loaves, and these hundred men were stationed in three companies: one at the flock of sheep, and one on each side, so that the brigands could not fail of falling into the ambuscade. After hearing the details from Pavone, which he had heard from the

shepherd (and which I found correct on my arrival at Giffone after my liberation), I was much astonished at the band getting off so easily. This shows the difficulty there is in putting down brigandage with the military force, for all turned out exactly as had been expected, the band walking right up to the lion's mouth, and yet the lion was obliged to be content with a roar or two, without inflicting any injury on his intended victim.

The valley ran a very long way between the mountains, and in the extreme distance over it I could discern the sea. To the south of the valley there were dense forests clothing all the slope of the mountains.

The brigands pointed out the way we had to go towards the S.W. It did not look at all tempting—forest and up-hill work all the way for miles and miles. By midnight we had gone a long way, suffering dreadfully from thirst, and not finding any water or snow in the deep gul-

leys, which were all anxiously examined and then piously cursed by Sentonio and the two others for not containing any refreshment. We slept (July 23) for four or five hours, and then went on again. Suddenly, Scope rushed forward to a hollow rotten log, and began to suck up some fœtid water that had been left by the last rain days before. I was only just allowed to put my lips to it, and was pulled away from it without my being able to get more than a mouthful, but perhaps it was better for me, as the fluid tasted most nauseously of decayed matter.

As we walked on I found two or three ripe strawberries, which were most grateful to my parched mouth; and by-and-by they appeared in great abundance in a lovely glade through which we passed. We spent an hour picking and eating this delicious fruit. At mid-day we dined on some of the sheep, but no water or snow was obtainable. I tried again to bribe the three men who had charge of me, offering them 3000 ducats

and to obtain a free pardon for them if they would deliver me up to the authorities. Pavone was inclined to listen to me, but when he consulted Sentonio on the subject the latter threatened to shoot him if he attempted anything of the kind.

In the afternoon we arrived at the top of Monte Neve, having been two days and the most of two nights in performing this task, and I was informed that the descent to the south was so steep that two hours were sufficient to gain the plain. To our great delight snow was found here, and after satisfying our craving thirst we set large pieces up on slabs of wood left by the woodcutters, and the water trickling down, gave us a good supply. Scope as usual grudged me even the snow, though there was an abundance. A flock of sheep passed near, and Sentonio obtained from the shepherd a little tobacco and a tiny piece of maize bread, which he carefully divided among all, giving us just two mouthfuls a-piece.

The forest at the top of the mountain was composed of most enormous beeches, standing some little distance from each other. Two or three years ago a great number were felled and left to rot on the ground. In one place there was great difficulty in making our way, as we had to clamber over these dead giants. I was not allowed to remain where I could see all the plain below, with the well-known temples at Pæstum, and the two streams which united to form the river. But I now knew our position: on the high mountain to the south of the mountains of the province of Salerno. Just one month ago I was at the north of the province of Avellino, having traversed all the eastern side of this mountainous district in the meantime. Sentonio kept a look-out to the south, and at about five o'clock signalled Pavone to come to him, in order to begin the descent. Here all the trees had been cut down, on account of the facility of bringing down the wood, and the stumps which

had been left in the ground were all bleached white. It was one of the wildest scenes I have ever seen. A little lower down, at some time or other, a fire had burnt all the branches and bark, and had left the trunks of the trees standing. There was not a leaf to be seen, and a strong wind driving the clouds along, enveloped us and everything about us in a dense mist.

It was desperately cold work waiting for a thick cloud to conceal us as we crept from place to place. Great caution was exercised at one place, which several *baraque* showed to be a favourite post of the military force. These *baraque* had evidently been made some time, and had served for a large number of soldiers. I was much astonished at the post being right in the track that led over this mountain. It struck me that if it had been placed a little on one side out of sight, and with sentries carefully concealed, there would have been a much greater chance of surprising the brigands; but on every

occasion that I saw these posts, they were placed in similar positions to this, as if with the view of warning the brigands off.

The soldiers had also evidently made enormous fires, which would alone have betrayed the position of the troops, and had told all the peasants and shepherds in the district where the force was, and these immediately gave information to the brigands. I found a piece of a *Pungolo** published during June, thus announcing when the soldiers had been in this place. We did not descend down the mountain directly, but edged along towards the west.

The night was terribly cold, and early in the morning of the 24th we made our way down to some little hills below. The side of the great mountain was clothed with the most lovely flowers, a large red lily being very prominent, and I recognised many of the flowers that adorn our gardens in summer. Pavone

* A newspaper published every evening at Naples.

told me that they expected to find the captain and band here to-day with Lorenzo and the four others who had been left behind near Giffone to get the money.

While lying on the ground this morning, I was thrown into a great state of excitement by Sentonio telling me that he had agreed with Pavone to escape with me if I would give them 2000 ducats, and that they would give Scope the slip. They told me to write a letter to the Consul telling him to send a steamer to embark us on Thursday night opposite the Temples, and that the steamer was to throw up a rocket, and that we would answer by making a fire. I wrote all this in pencil and gave him the letter, which he said he would send to Naples by a priest, who was a friend of Pavone. I did not know what to make of it all: the plan was quite practicable if they would trust me, and they might have told me an untruth about meeting the band. Sentonio now left us for an hour,

and all this time I was full of hopes of seeing my wife at Naples in four or five days; but all these sweet illusions were dashed to the ground by my hearing Sentonio making the well-known signal of "Wow-wow, wow-wow," and hearing a response from the side of another mountain some little way off. I now saw that they had been making fun of me, and asked Pavone for the letter which I had seen him put in his pocket, but he told me that he had given it to Sentonio; and I did not recover it until three weeks afterwards, when I snatched it out of the hands of Antonio and tore it into little pieces, and I found that it had gone the round of the band.

Great was the delight of all three of my guardians, who immediately made me follow them towards the direction of the response, and we hurried down and met Manzo, and all those who had fallen in with the soldiers as they were going to the shepherd's.

Rocco only was missing, and I found out

afterwards that he had been separated from the rest, and had given himself up to the authorities. They told us that, after firing for a short time, they all ran down the mountain to the river, and that the soldiers had not followed them far. They then went to another flock, and made the shepherds give them four sheep and a quantity of milk. The night we were looking for them I had heard in the distance the dogs barking and the sheep all running together, and told Pavone that I was sure that Manzo was safe, and getting sheep. This is a good hint for the troops, for the dogs always bark at first when the brigands come to the flock; and when the sheep are caught they always run together, and this is easily detected by the peculiar noise the bells make when they do so. Manzo and all were delighted at seeing me safe and well, for they feared that I might have been lost or have escaped during the skirmish with the troops, and many of them shook hands with me. I was glad to see that Manzo was

The Bivouac at Night near Campagna

safe, for I trusted to him to secure me against the brutality of many in the band; and I also rejoiced to see the carcases of two sheep being carried by some of the rascals. They walked boldly along a path by the side of a sparkling stream, though it was daylight, and, striking up a dark ravine densely wooded, soon came to a safe place, where a fire was made and the meat roasted.

After all was consumed, with the exception of two legs, they gave themselves up to songs and merriment. I was requested to give them a song, and they were greatly astonished to hear that singing was not one of my accomplishments, for all in Southern Italy are perfect masters in this respect. It was a wild but exceedingly picturesque scene, and would have made an excellent subject for a picture. The next morning early, Manzo, with eight or nine men, took me through some cultivated land, on a little plain between the mountains, to a rugged ridge on the east side of

it, one of Giardullo's men acting as guide, for we were in the part of the province they used to infest. We had to cross a stream at the foot of the mountain, and then Manzo pointed out a place where Pavone, Scope, Vicenzio, Malone, and another were to keep me, while Sentonio and Justi were to hide in the mountain, a mile from us on the other side of the plain, to procure what food they could for us. The band was very short of money, and three napoleons were all that Manzo could leave with them; and he went away to look for the five men near Giffone, leaving strict injunctions that no fire was to be lighted where I was kept, and that none of those guarding me were to go foraging, for fear any one should find out where we were and betray us to the troops.

It was very hard work climbing up the almost perpendicular rock, which was of white crumbling limestone, and at last we reached a little flat ledge concealed by the trees some way up.

Here we stopped; but after the second day a better place was found a little lower down. While Pavone and another were looking about for this place, the others lit a fire to roast some potatoes which they had brought up with them, which they shared with me to my great amazement. Pavone was in a great rage with them for lighting the fire, for if any one from below had seen the slightest gleam, it would have betrayed the presence of brigands in this part, which the authorities considered free from them, since the destruction of Giardullo's band. I found out that they had given me some of the potatoes *in order that I should not tell* about their lighting the fire; and Pavone, who had seen it from below, would not believe their statement, that Scope and Vicenzio had given me anything, until I confirmed it.

This spot had served Giardullo and his band of thirty men for the same purpose last May, and they had left many traces of their visit. It was a level space, about eight yards long and three

wide, with the mountain rising at the back covered with fern and trees, while below a gully ran down the mountain side; two or three trees hid us perfectly, though we could see what was going on below. On each side the former occupants had made little paths by constant passing to and fro for the space of a month, the time they had stopped in this place. A tiny little spring, that never ceased running, kept us supplied with excellent water: as soon as we arrived I busied myself with clearing this out, and supporting a piece of bark with stones, so that the water ran as if out of a spout. This Scope constantly used to kick down in order to annoy me. A small *pagliatta* had been made for Giardullo to sleep in during the wet weather in May; on this had been put some goat-skins as a further protection from the weather.

Two or three places had been covered with small branches and fern, on which his men used to lie, in order to keep themselves off the wet

ground, and another just wide enough for one person, which I was told served as the couch of their prisoner. All these arrangements indicated greater refinement than Manzo's band possessed, for never in the wettest weather had they taken the slightest trouble to protect themselves or me from it. A thick layer of wood ashes showed where they had their fire, and the many bones and skins of goats and sheep proved they had not wanted for meat; a broken *terrina*, which they had left behind, with a number of squares marked out with the end of a burnt stick on the bottom of it, looked as if they played at draughts, and a very large, long spit was found, on which they roasted the meat. One day a pair of *very small* though thick shoes were turned up, and supposed to have belonged to one of the women belonging to the band.

The first week we were supplied at intervals of two or three days with a small quantity of meat half cooked. I came in for the underdone

portions, for nothing an Italian dislikes so much as crudely-cooked meat. No bread was procurable, with the exception of a very small piece of rye bread: this tasted to me most delicious, for, with the exception of two mouthfuls of maize bread, we had had none for a fortnight. There was great grumbling at the diet, for we only had enough just to keep us from starving. I thought that here I might manage to wash a little, and began by taking off my boots in order to commence with my feet. I had washed one and was doing the same to the other, when that wretched Scope rushed at me and began hitting me with a stick he picked up, because I did not immediately put my sock on to my wet foot. I did not pay the slightest attention to him, and wiped my foot dry, and then put on my sock and boot, he continuing to strike me all the time. I told him that "it did not hurt me, and I supposed it amused him" (remembering an anecdote told once by a noble Earl in the House of Lords

with excellent effect), and I recommended him to take care what he did, or I should complain to the captain. The others took my part, and, though he did not repeat the offence, he often threatened me, and I really was frequently in fear of my life by reason of his brutal disposition. One blow slightly raised the skin on my forefinger, and I suppose the stick must have been in contact with some decayed matter, for the wound became very troublesome, and did not heal for three weeks, when I had got some bread and made a poultice for it.

The captain did not return at the end of the week, as he had promised; all the money was gone, and no food came for three days. I was so hungry that *I begged for some of the raw fat, three weeks old,* that they had kept for the purpose of greasing their boots! This I forced down my throat, after masticating for a quarter of an hour, but at the end of that time it was just as clammy as at first. I three times ate a

little of this fearfully rancid stuff. At last, one night, half a sheep was sent up to us, which four of the men took down again to cook, for Pavone, who stopped with me, would not have a fire made where we were. The greedy wretches cooked and ate nearly all of it, putting a quantity away in their pockets, and brought up a little to Pavone, but only gave to me a scraped leg-bone, which Scope threw in my face, hurting me a good deal: it was perfectly raw, and had but very few signs of meat about it. I gnawed at this in the dark like a dog, eating as much of the sinewy appendages as I could manage to find and to bite; I then put it by (also after the manner of dogs) till the morning, being too famished to lose so precious a morsel; but that dear brute Scope seeing it, took it away to see if he could make anything of it—though he had plenty of meat in his pocket—and finding nothing on it, threw it at my head again. Not a morsel would the others give me, and for two more days I had to go without food, or to take to the raw and

stinking fat again! Each day I had been getting weaker and weaker, till at last my voice failed me, and I could only speak in the lowest whisper, as at last I lay stretched on the ground, praying for death.*

On the morning of the 30th July Malone and Vicenzio were sent to get food at all hazards, for they saw I was in a bad state, and they all (particularly Pavone) were getting very queer for want of something to eat, but no one was so ill as I was.

At about ten o'clock we heard a low whistle above us, and I saw Antonio coming down with something in his handkerchief slung on his gun. When he came to where Pavone was sitting, he turned two loaves and a number of pears out of his pocket. I was so excited at the sight of this

* But a short time before, we had plenty to eat, but no water; now we were safe from thirst, but could get nothing to eat. The brigands have a saying—

"Quando e pane, non c'e aqua:
Quando e aqua, non c'e pane:
Quando e carne, non sono aqua o pane."

that I burst into tears at the goodness of God in sending food when I had quite given up hopes of life. I was too weak to go to the bread, and Antonio brought me three pears. I tried to say "*pane,*" but I could not manage it, so pointed at the bread, which they gave me immediately; and by eating a small quantity at a time, I soon felt better, and by the evening recovered my voice.

When it got dark, the two who had gone for food in the morning returned with a little rye-bread which they had procured from some shepherds, with two baskets of *racotta;* but this they had eaten at once, to the great disgust of those left behind, who rated them severely for their greediness, as it was a mere chance, and quite contrary to Manzo's orders, that Antonio came in the daytime; and if he had not supplied us, the two who had gone foraging would have fared well, while all left behind would have hardly had anything. To-day Scope pointed his gun to the sky, and to my great astonishment off it went, to the horror of all! I looked at it and found that

the stock was cracked across, and this made it go off as easily at half-cock as at full-cock. To my delight the nipple blew out, and rendered his gun useless. Vicenzio had lost the lock of his, and thus two guns were rendered good for nothing.

While in this place, we had a week of thunderstorms and showers, which greatly added to my misery, and brought on rheumatism in my right arm. It was curious to notice how soon the slightest rain-fall affected our spring, and caused it to run merrily into the earthen vessel that was put under the bark spout.

On the 24th July the harvest was begun in the plains, and I could see the women carrying away the sheaves of corn and rye as soon as cut. It was supposed that, as soon as the reapers came up from the country below, food would be obtained for us in quantity; but this proved an illusion, and all the peasants were pronounced *infame*, or traitors to the cause of brigandage.

July 31.—Early in the morning Antonio ap-

peared again with bread and a quantity of pears, and brought the information that the captain had arrived; but once more I was doomed to disappointment, and my ears began to twitch again at the bad news I heard; no money, and no letters! And this was not all; they told me that Lorenzo and the four others left to receive the gold from Giffone, had given themselves up after receiving 6000 ducats, equal to 1000*l.** Hearing this made me very low spirited, for I knew it would enrage the band, who were without money, and much increase the length of my captivity; and besides this, I knew that Manzo would consider it my loss, and require the money to be sent up again. Not a moment was lost, and I was hurried over the top of the mountain behind the place where we had spent the last fortnight, in order to go to the part where we had found the captain before. It was fearfully steep and dangerous, and I was so weak from starvation that I could hardly drag myself along; they had to rest every now and

* This was false.

then on my account. I was now so miserable that I did not care what became of me. The last letters from my friends in Naples were dated *seven weeks* ago, and there was no chance of my hearing again for another fortnight; and after my many disappointments, I could hardly count upon that. During the walk I found a plantation of wild raspberries, the fruit of which was quite as large and as well flavoured as those grown in our gardens at home.

At last I was told to sit down, which I did most cheerfully. More pears arrived, but they were very hard and unripe; this, however, was nothing to the cormorants in whose keeping I was, and I got into great disgrace for presuming to pick out a ripe one. I attempted to pare it, but was told not to waste good food, and whatever might be the custom in England it was different with them, and that if I pared another I should never have any more. I had to put up with much of this treatment. On one occasion I had thrown away a piece of sinew, and they

took the trouble of going to look for it, to see if it were, in their idea, eatable. They often gave me the windpipe of a sheep, and made me eat it before I was allowed anything more. I always told them they did this to keep me employed with a bad piece while they were eating all the rest.

In about two hours Manzo came up to us in a very sulky state, and made me write a letter to the consul to request him to inform the prefect of what had occurred, and to demand that all these five men might be immediately shot, unless they gave up the money they had stolen. I had not known whether to believe the story or not, but when Manzo told me all their names at full length to insert in the letter, there was no doubt about the truth. When this letter was written, he took a piece of paper from his pocket-book, on which was written a letter he had composed to my wife, which I was to copy. It took me a long time to decipher the writing, which I could only do with his aid, and I wrote each word afresh over the original. He commenced

"O moglia *ingrata*, &c." I told him that I never wrote such a word, and that my wife would not understand it, but my objections were of no avail, and I had to write this dreadful letter as he wished; but I slanted my writing as much as possible to show it was his dictation, and afterwards added some upright of my own composition, and got leave to add two lines in English, taking advantage of a report current among the shepherds that I was dead.* I always took the opportunity of letter-writing to ask Manzo for more bread, telling him it was a great exertion, and that it was impossible for me to write Italian when hungry, and on this occasion I did not forget to adopt the usual plan, though with but little success.

In the evening we joined the rest of the band, when I found that they had reunited with Cerino's party. Many of the men showed much commiseration for me, on hearing of the sad state I had been in for want of food.

* This letter is given at length in the Appendix.

Cerino himself looked very chapfallen. He had been deposed from the post of captain, I believe, on account of his unfairness in distributing food, and Cicco had been elected in his stead. I also heard that there had been a great quarrel among the members of the two bands, I believe about mutilating me because the money came up so slowly, and those who did not share in the ransom objected to the constant harassing and want of food occasioned by the excessive measures of the Italian Government.

Andrea, Cerino's secretary, and Pasquale, would not serve under Cicco, and had joined Manzo. Poor Cerino had also been deserted by Doniella, who had left the mountains for one of the villages; and altogether he looked at this time very like a fighting cock who had just got the worst of it in an encounter. *Quantum mutatus* from the Cerino I formerly knew! Instead of being made much of by everybody, no one now spoke to him, and he skulked about, utterly ashamed of himself.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTIVE'S DIARY: JULY 31 TO AUGUST 22.

Illness of Scope, my Bête Noir—Starvation threatens again—Scarcity of Water again—The Brigands observe Fast Days—Their Religious Feelings—Their Respect for my Talents—Fearful State to which I was Reduced—The Soldiers once more—We leave the Cave—A Meal of Mutton and Potatoes—I am sent away to meet Manzo—In sight of Acerno again—Rigours practised by the Troops on the Peasantry—Hard Work of the Women—I hear that 6000 Ducats have been received—Prospects of Freedom—Antonio's new Suit—More Gambling—Two Days we live on Apples—All the Money had at last—Manzo's Behaviour—Division of the Spoil.

CHAPTER VII.

July 31.—There was some mystery about this time which I never have been able to fathom; all the band had been warned not to give me any information about the receipt of money or letters for me, and I saw signs being made to those whom I questioned about my affairs. All at once I was taken away from the rest of the band by about six men, and made to lie down out of the light of the moon; they, too, concealed themselves, and I heard signals made and answered, and then the noise made by men walking through standing corn. No supply of food came up or I should have known of it, and at the time I could only conjecture that I was being deceived about Lorenzo and his companions; but this afterwards proved not to be the case. At last, another brigand

joined us, and we went along the south side of the valley, that was toward the south-west, in the direction of the town (which proved to be Compagna); after going a short way we struck up the mountain.

I was so tired from walking and the weight of my *capote* and little bundle of things, that I could hardly stand, and I had to pull myself up with the aid of the small bushes and oaks that covered the side of the mountains; at last we reached some rocks that raised their bare sides from a bed of fern, and behind some bushes we found a capacious cavern; it was about eight yards deep and four wide, the two sides meeting in a point at the top. The bottom was of fine black mould and very sloping; this made it most difficult for me to keep my position when I was told to go to the end and lie down, and I kept slipping down on the man below me all night.

In this cave it was intensely dark, and there was a large bat flying about continually,

which did not increase my comfort. It was impossible for me to sleep, and, to add to my grief, my bundle of valuables rolled away from me, and in a moment went bounding down the mountain side; I never expected to see it again, but in the morning it was recovered by Pavone.

Scope caught cold on one side of his head to-night, which made it swell very much. I told him it was the effects of the good living we had been having, which had fattened one side of his head; this raised a great laugh against him, and I repeated "*Povero Scope*" once or twice, which tickled their fancy immensely, for they all knew that there was no love lost between us, and for some time they all pretended to commiserate him in the same way.

I began to fear that the starvation system was to begin again, as the following extract from my notes made at the time will show. "We arrived here on the 31st July:—

"*August* 1.—No water; small piece of bread.

„ 2.—No water; a little rye bread at night.

„ 3.—No water till midnight; no bread; Pavone went to get sheep."

Each night the brigands went down for water, but they had nothing in which to bring up any for me, and orders had been given not to allow me to move. It is a fearful thing, in a hot climate, at this time of the year, to go without drinking for three days. Each night I raved at them for their cruelty in not bringing me up water; but they only jeered at me, and told me to do without it. When it did come they did not allow me to drink much, though a large earthen jar had been procured and brought up full. They had also brought up a copper *caldaja*, and they wanted as much water as possible to cook some *pasta* which they had also obtained.

The next day, the 4th of August, was the anniversary of my wedding-day, and I whiled

away an hour by going through the wedding service, and all day thought of the gathering of my friends on that occasion, and followed them all, mentally, to their happy homes. I wondered, too, whether the day would be remembered at Naples.

Some *pasta* was cooked, but the want of bacon-fat, salt, or pepper made it very insipid; but hunger forced all to eat it with thankfulness. In the evening there was great rejoicing. Pavone, Antonina, and Antonio returned with three sheep alive, and the carcase of one they had killed, 11 lbs. weight of excellent bread, some cheese, an enormous quantity of pears, and plenty of salt. The next night, five loaves, weighing 7 lbs. each, and more cheese and pears appeared; and this lasted me and my five jailers the fortnight we stopped in this place.

I have not mentioned that from religious scruples the brigands never eat meat on Wednesdays and Fridays, unless it is impossible to procure

other food. Their religious feeling is also shown by their invariably raising their hats when the Madonna's or our Saviour's name is mentioned; also when they hear the church bells ringing for vespers, an hour after sunset. While in a place like this, I got rather clever at telling the time from observing the shadows cast by the sun; and they always came to me to set their watches. By some of them I was considered to be possessed by a devil, because I knew too much, and foretold the weather so well. One day I was asked the hour sometime after it had got dark. I looked round and said, "One o'clock"—for they always, in this part of the country, count from sunset to sunset, 24 hours;—as I spoke, the clock of the town below sounded one, and they said, "We always thought you possessed with a devil, but now we are sure of it," and afterwards, though their watches were pretty correct, they preferred asking me.

With some large stones I built a little wall across the cave, and digging down the part above

with the end of my stick, made a level space to lie down on; and one evening I was allowed to pick a quantity of fern, and this made it much softer and more comfortable. My sides had become very sore from rubbing constantly against the hard ground. For a long time my body had been in a fearful state from sores arising from the bites of vermin; not a spot about me had escaped from their attacks, and the wounds were constantly festering from the bad state of my system, induced through inadequate and improper food. After an exclusively meat diet for a week or a fortnight, I invariably grew much worse. These wounds required the greatest care, for the filthy state I was in from not being allowed to wash, and the black, fine dust of the cave, soon caused them to increase much in size. I always applied a small bread and water poultice; I kept a small supply of crumbs tied up in a corner of a handkerchief for the purpose.

The rye bread was curious stuff. After it was two days old it fermented, and was full of a viscid transparent matter. If it did not turn mouldy in this stage, but dried all right, it would last sound for months, though it required soaking before being eaten. A great deal of this fell to my share, for it was despised by the others, who ate the best there was. All day long I heard the constant beating out of the corn, which was going on just below us, and I could often see the women carrying the sheaves on their heads from the fields for this purpose. There was a dog at this place, which constantly kept barking. I do not think these peasants supplied the brigands with food; for they went at least an hour's walk for it, going out at dusk, and not returning till ten or eleven o'clock, and often not till the next night.

One day, while they were cooking at the end of the cave, a flock of goats came close to the cave, and there was great fear lest the slight smoke

that passed through a small hole at the top should have been seen by the boy looking after them; two or three of the goats actually came and looked in at us from a rock above, and were driven away by little stones. The next day, 9th August, there was great trepidation, and three of the brigands were in extreme danger for some little time. All at once Antonino called out—"The soldiers, the soldiers!" They were on the top of the mountain, a quarter of a mile from the cave. Andrea and he bolted out at once and hid themselves behind some rocks near, for they were two old hands at brigandage, and would not allow themselves to be caught like rats in a hole, in the same manner that Giardullo and his band were when they were so cut up some weeks before. I was immediately made to go to the end of the cave, and Pavone, Antonio, and Scope came with me, and every place was cleared from which there was a chance of anything being seen. Scope told me that, if the soldiers came, he

would shoot me at once. I gave them all the advice not to attempt to fire at the troops, but to put their guns down, and then lie flat on the ground, for they might perhaps kill one or two, but in the end must lose their own lives; while, on the contrary, should they give themselves up, they would only have to spend a few years in prison. I never saw any people in such a state of terror. Pavone's teeth were all chattering, and he was as white as a sheet; Scope was the same, and lying on the ground; and Antonio was in such a state of fear and shaking so that he kept striking his gun against the rocky sides of the cave, and making a great noise, to the dismay of all.

I sat down on a stone, and, to reassure them, said, "Courage, courage, eat a little," and, to set the example, took some bread and meat out of my pocket and began eating it. My doing so enraged them to a great extent, and they said, "What a fool you are to begin to eat

when you will be dead in two minutes!" I urged them to do as I told them, and all would be right. I had by this time become so despairing of ever escaping from my bondage, that I did not care what took place; but in a skirmish with the troops I might have escaped. Had I not been so carefully kept at the extreme end of the cave, with their men hemming me in, I should have now tried to run out and dart down the hill, crying, "The brigands, the brigands!" and they would have been afraid either to follow me or shoot at me, for fear of betraying themselves.

For about three hours we were in this uncomfortable state, and then, no soldiers appearing, they took heart and went to the mouth of the cave; but I was not allowed to move. When it got quite dark the two others returned, and told us that the troops had passed in two companies, one above us, and the other just below, leaving us unnoticed between them. It was a great escape, and I felt most thankful for it, for if we

had been discovered I should certainly have fallen a victim to the vengeance of the brigands, who had had the strictest orders from Manzo not to let me fall alive into the hands of the soldiers —added to which one of my keepers, at least, would have gladly seized the opportunity of wreaking his fury upon me. We had now been here for ten days, and orders had been left by Manzo, that if he did not return before this time, they were to leave the cave and go to meet him near a fountain some way on the road towards Giffone. They had had such a fright that it was determined to leave to-night. I was delighted to hear this, for the place had become unbearable from the odour of the sheep's paunches which had been thrown just outside the cave, and I was afraid of being bitten by the swarm of flies which fed constantly on the decaying matter. I also pitied the poor sheep that had hitherto escaped death; for six days the demons had left it without water, and the poor beast

suffered so, that it gave vent to its feelings by constantly bleating: it did this two or three times while they were in fear of the soldiers. On each occasion Scope went to it, and ground its nose against the rough side of the cave; it was a most painful sight, and I reproached them for allowing the poor animal to be tortured thus. They only remarked that it would not die for two days more, eight days being the time they could exist without water.

Great caution was used as we emerged from our retreat, where we had now passed ten days, and in about three hours we arrived at the fountain, where we expected to meet their captain. Care was taken not to leave any footmarks near the water. I remained with them while the other two went to rob a potato field; they soon returned with a large handkerchief full of potatoes, which were cooked the next day, half of the poor sheep having been boiled in some water, and the potatoes were afterwards cut in

slices and boiled in the broth, which made the most savoury mess I had tasted for months.

During the night I picked up my New Testament, which had fallen out of my pocket while I was sleeping, and early the next morning we moved a quarter of a mile farther on. In the middle of the day I found to my great dismay I had lost my little prayer-book, which had been the greatest solace all the time of my captivity. Even Pavone felt for me, for religious books are very much respected by these men. He immediately, on my requesting him, went back to the place where we slept, and soon returned, but told me he had not been able to find it; in a few minutes, however, he put his hand in his pocket and gave me the precious book. How pleased I was to see it again! it made me comparatively happy all the rest of the day. There was a scarcity of knives to-day, for the only two they possessed had been lost, one having been left at each of the last two hiding-places, and they had to come to me

for my two pocket knives to slaughter and cut up the sheep.

It was not considered safe to stop with me in this neighbourhood, because of the soldiers seen the day before, so Antonino and Scope remained behind to tell Manzo and the band, when they came, where the other three had taken me.

August 10.—In the evening we went towards the north, taking five hours to ascend a mountain, which was cultivated in terraces half the way up; the corn had all been cut, and we started a covey of partridges, which went whirring down the hill-side. It was easy walking along a path after we had gone over the summit, and we halted at two springs, making a good meal off the remains of the sheep.

At daybreak we climbed up a mountain covered with wood, and coming to a suitable place threw ourselves on the ground, and were soon asleep, one keeping guard as usual. When I woke the

sun was high, and I could see a town a little to the eastward placed on one end of a curiously flat piece of land, with high mountains on the north and east of it. Between us and the town the ground was much broken, and I thought I recognised Acerno, having caught a glimpse of it once before in the grey of the morning, when Signor Francesco Visconti was with me. I had heard them whispering about a safe place near Acerno the day before, so I boldly told them I could see Acerno, which rather surprised them, and I heard the word *diavolo* pass from one to the other. They told me it was not so, but the town was called Bagnuolo. This confirmed me in my opinion, for any information they volunteered was sure to be false, and they never did even this, except to throw me off a scent.

In the evening we descended a long way and passed over a foaming torrent by a very frail kind of bridge, about six inches wide: all the bed and rocks in it were marble, smooth and polished

by the action of the water. We had to ascend another ridge, and then passed on to cultivated ground, where I picked several ears of maize, now getting ripe.

There were also a great number of apple-trees full of fruit, but the greater part very rough and bitter; but at last a tree was found with good-sized apples of a fair kind, with which our pockets were soon filled. The mountain ridge ran round three sides, and another closed in the fourth with a high mountain rising behind it.

In this way a tiny valley was enclosed, well cultivated, and irrigated by a little stream that issued from the precipitous white limestone rock at the northern end; on the eastern side, the mountain was cultivated from the bottom to top, but the western side was covered with broom and small trees, and here we were hid for another fourteen days. It was a most impudent act to choose this spot, only a mile and a half from Acerno, in a cultivated part, with a mule-road

right round the little amphitheatre, formed by a ridge about three hundred feet high. At least seventy to eighty peasants passed not three hundred yards from us every morning and evening, as they went to and from their daily work, and we could see company after company of soldiers as they passed backwards and forwards between Giffone and Acerno. The place was well chosen, for the troops never thought of looking in a hollow about three hundred yards long and two hundred wide, where people went every day to thresh corn and pick the apples. Every night Antonio brought up bread, cheese, bacon, and fruit, also boiled ears of maize, but in rather small quantities, for the strictest measures were still taken against the peasants, any one found carrying bread at night being liable to be shot; and in the daytime all peasants met by the troops were searched to see if they had more than sufficient to serve for their mid-day meal, and even this was restricted to a very small quantity. The

women, too, going to the springs for water, were obliged to be provided with a pass.

For the first few days I saw two men and a girl employed in threshing corn on the hill side opposite us. The brigands were quite at home here, and knew the names of all whom they saw, even at a great distance. They told me that these two men were father and son, but they seemed to take great care that we were not seen by them.

It used rather to amuse me to see the contented way the women would carry home heavy burdens, while the men would calmly ride home on the donkeys, which here go by the name of beasts; and I thought of some of my countrywomen, who are so fond of contrasting the status of their sex in England with that of their sisters "abroad," showing a decided predilection for the condition of the latter, based upon the charming external politeness with which they themselves have been treated by a Frenchman or an Italian in some ball-room.

Day after day of the hottest weather passed, but no news of the captain, except that he was gone to take another *galantuomo*. At last, after a week, one evening—it was Wednesday—about ten of the band came up, headed by Generoso, who told me at first that there were no letters or money, but I soon found out from their quiet manner that things were looking better, and I presently found that 6000 ducats had been received, making in all 12,000, and they had got the news that 18,000 ducats more were at Giffone, and had been there some weeks. Signor Elia Visconti had not sent it all, for Manzo had only asked for 6000, which was the money that he was afraid the five who had given themselves up had stolen, and I now found out the cause of the delay. The letters the five had with them had got destroyed by the peasant who was taking them to Visconti's house. The date of the next letter had been altered by Manzo, and Signor Visconti feared that there was something

wrong, and therefore refused to pay the money, as he had done before, when Lorenzo demanded it without any at all.

The brigands were now in good humour, and told me that I should be free in a week. I wrote a letter to Giffone, asking for the money to be sent at once, and in my excitement wrote *July* instead of August, but fortunately found it out just before they went away. I asked why Manzo had been so long away, and was told that he had had much business to transact, and that he was not very far off. I believe he joined them this night in the path below, and went to Giffone with them: this was Wednesday, the 16th. I expected that they would return from Giffone on Sunday or Monday, but these days passed without hearing any tidings; food began to fall off; the peasant who had supplied us declared it impossible to obtain any more from the town, on account of the vigilance of the troops, who now examined and

searched all persons as they went to and from their daily work. Only about a pound of bread and a few boiled spikes of maize could be got, and this had to suffice for the five men and myself.

One evening Antonio appeared in a magnificent suit of blue cloth, bound and striped with black velvet, with a spread eagle with red eyes, made of the same velvet, on the back. The buttons were gilt, and had on them the *fleur-de-lys* of the Bourbons; he also had got a tremendous stiletto, of which he was very proud. While we were in the grotto he had won from Andrea his revolver, and watch, and gold chain, so that he presented quite a gay appearance: I made him turn round and round in order to admire him, which pleased him immensely.

During these days gambling went on vigorously, and two of the five lost the whole of their expected spoils. During the whole of this time I could not sleep from excitement, and I spent all the

nights in watching the stars, which seemed now all in pairs, two and two! Before, they seemed far from each other, but now they seemed much closer; they seemed to typify the separation from my wife, that I had to undergo all these weary weeks. I always saw the morning star rising with magnificence above the mountains in the east, opposite to where we were, followed once again by the sun, which soon drove us to seek a shelter from his burning rays.

No food now came up, and we lived for two days on nothing but unripe apples. On the 22nd August we went down to the spring below, and spent the next day among the thick underwood at the head of the valley.

August 23.—This was Wednesday, and a most important day to me, for at about seven o'clock in the evening Antonio came hurrying up from fetching water, with the news that the captain had sent for us. I dreaded

hearing that there was another disappointment, and for some time I was afraid to ask. About four men had been sent to us, and among them was Justi; who came and told me that all the money was paid, and that I was to be set free to-morrow. The news was too good for me to believe; and I did not believe it till he had knelt down, and crossing his arms on his breast, declared, by the Madonna, that it was the case. I felt so intoxicated that I could hardly walk, and a crowd of thoughts rushed suddenly into my mind. I had spent a solitary time, often not speaking for days to the men guarding me, so that I had become almost stupefied, and I quite dreaded the turmoil of civilized life. I would have given anything to have escaped quietly straight to my home in England.

In about an hour we came to the place where Manzo and the rest of his band were waiting for us, when, to my astonishment, he took no notice of me. I suppose his interest in me had gone,

now that he had bled me to all the extent he fancied he could; and all he wanted with me was to get rid of me safely, for he had promised that he would do all *he* could to keep me from danger; and I do believe that he thought himself bound by honour as a brigand chief to deliver the *Inglese* safe to his friends.

We walked for an hour or two, passing a little to the north of Acerno, but close to it, and stopped to sleep for two or three hours under some enormous chestnut-trees: this was the first, and I trust the last time, I shall ever do the same again, for the thin, sharp prickles of the outer covering of the nuts pierced my thin clothing, and breaking off in the skin, had the most irritating effect on my already tortured body for some days. At about two in the morning we went up the mountain to the east of Acerno, and again stopped and slept till seven or eight o'clock—that is, the brigands did, for not a wink could I sleep. I had not got a night's rest for more than a week, but the exciting

prospect of being free kept up my strength. To-day I saw the money counted and divided into 17 shares; it was originally shared by twenty-eight. Thirty had been *in giro* when we were taken, but two were shot by the troops the next day at Monte Corvino; Luigi had fallen over the precipice; five had been taken near Giffone; one had surrendered himself after the fight on the mountains of Callabritto; one was shot at night by Signor D—— as he was returning from foraging; and the other three belonged to Cerino's band, and, after the quarrel, were not allowed to share any more in our ransom.

The following was the division:—Each brigand entitled to a share had 200 napoleons, which I saw counted out in four sums of 50, this being Manzo's way of reckoning. A thousand ducats were divided among the four men that belonged to Giardullo's late band, and the other thousand kept for the general expenses of the band. This just made up the whole amount of the last

instalment of the ransom of the two Englishmen taken on the 15th of May, thus :—

17 shares, 200 napoleons each .	15,980	ducats.
Giardullo's men	1,000	„
Reserved for expenses of band .	1,000	„
	17,980	ducats.*

* Though the brigands were very deficient in education, only one-tenth being able to read or write, I observed that they could all cast up complicated accounts in a wonderful manner, Pavone and the captain especially being very clever at it. The exchanges used in brigand money transactions are 4·7 ducats to the napoleon, and 4·25 lire to the ducat. The ducat (very like our guinea, an imaginary coin) is still the favourite unit of calculation in all their receipts and payments, although the merchants and bankers at Naples have adopted the franc in place of it.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. MOENS'S DIARY: JULY 31 TO AUGUST 25.

News from the Band—A Visit from Talarico—*Otium cum dig.* after an honourable Career—Talarico's Advice to the Captive's Wife—His chivalrous Offer—The five Brigands at Visconti's—The last Letter from the Captive—Reduction of the Brigands' Claim—A gallant Priest—Another Visit to General Balegno—His Kindness—Intense Excitement when the Ransom was all Paid—Suspense—Free at last—Joy too deep for Words.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the evening of the 31st of July I walked with my friend's children to a lovely bay, two miles from the house. Our path lay along the side of a hill, looking down into the luxuriant vineyards as we gradually descended to the beautiful little bay, with its silver sands sheltered by the lofty rocks. A boiling mineral spring flows into the sea here, and makes the water deliciously warm. We were just going to bathe, when I heard a man's voice calling, "Mrs. Moens is wanted immediately; important news has arrived." I rushed back as fast as I could, and arrived breathless to find that Signor Michele di Majo had come to tell me that there had been

an encounter with the brigands, and that two had been captured—their clothes and boots were very much worn, and they were evidently hard pressed. My husband, they said, was concealed in a grotto under the guard of several of the band. I stood in a strong draught while listening to this story, and the consequence was that I was seriously ill for days afterwards.

On the 2nd of August the celebrated ex-brigand chief, Talarico, paid me a visit. This man, whose story is related by Count Maffei in his "History of Italian Brigandage," had a most successful career; the Bourbon Government, finding it impossible to put him down by force, had at last offered him pardon and *a pension* on condition that he should not leave the Island of Ischia.* He is an extremely handsome man, very tall, with the smallest and most delicate hands. He sat and talked with us over a bottle of wine,

* For an account of Talarico, see also the very interesting work of Mr. Hilton, "Brigandage in South Italy," vol. i. p. 250.

becoming more communicative and animated at every glass.

One story he told amused us much. Having heard that a rich old proprietor had once spoken against brigands, Talarico and some of his men appeared before him suddenly one day as he was walking in his garden, and placing their guns at his breast, made him take them into his house as if they were his friends, order his mule, and ride away with them. On their way they met a poor country doctor: they stopped him, and asked him to dress the arm of one of the band, which he did, extracting from it four bullets. They gave him a handsome present of money, together with a letter, which he was to take from Talarico to a rich tailor. The letter, when opened, contained these words: "Make this man an entire suit of clothes" which, of course, was done immediately, the tailor not daring to refuse.

Talarico evidently considered my husband's position a very serious one. He told me the soldiers would never be allowed to take him alive;

he advised my taking the ransom myself, telling me the brigands would not hurt me. I was to ride on a donkey, with the gold concealed in the saddle. He offered to accompany me as guide, if he could get permission from the authorities. I determined to go, as I could get no pass from the Government, and had lost all hopes of the authorities being able to help me. I had wearied General Balegno with visits, and entreaties to keep back the troops, who were pressing the brigands, and preventing them from getting food. He had assured me he had no power to do so, so I made up my mind to follow Talarico's advice, and asked him to write a letter for me to take to Manzo. This he consented to do at once.*

I asked Talarico which he liked best, a brigand's life or an honest man's life. He replied instantly "Oh, an honest man's career; a brigand's life is this," and he turned his head over the right

* A copy of this curious epistle will be found in the Appendix.

shoulder, and then over the left, as if fearing an enemy; this gesture spoke volumes. I understood at once the wretched life of continual suspicion, distrust, vigilance, and fear which the brigand leads. His hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against his.

I received a letter to-day from my friend Mr. Richard Holme, for whose disinterested and unselfish exertions, involving the greatest danger, my husband and I cannot feel sufficiently grateful. His brother too, Mr. Edward Holme, never omitted an opportunity of sending or bringing to me the slightest information that might give me hope or comfort. Alas! I really needed it. It was now twelve weeks since I had heard of my husband. I can only try to feel that he is in God's hands, who will guard and keep him, now and through eternity. I think of all the promises to help the weak, to loosen the prisoner out of captivity, during these long weary days, and still longer nights when I cannot sleep.

Mr. Holme informed me that immediately on his last arrival at Salerno, he saw both the Prefect and one of the General's staff officers. Signor Visconti had been requested to come to Salerno on the following morning to meet him, but had sent no answer. Next morning a letter came from Signor V., stating that, in consequence of the threats of five brigands—who were hovering about his house, saying that they were sent by Manzo for the money—he could not come; but that, as they produced no letter to prove their identity, Signor V. had very properly refused to part with a cent, it being very probable that these men had separated from the main body, and were acting on their own account. They had threatened him in such terms that he dared not leave his house.

Mr. Holme thereupon went to Giffone, and saw the authorities and Signor Visconti. The latter begged that the money might be at once removed from his house, as he considered his life

was endangered. On this point Mr. Holme tried to reassure him, telling him plainly that, unless some other equally safe channel were found, he must continue to hold the money, since the brigands, knowing that he had it, would come upon him for the loss of it, if he were not ready at any moment to pay it.

If these five brigands were really not sent by Manzo, Mr. Holme thinks it probable that Manzo will suspect they have either taken the money and escaped, or that they have been taken, in which case he will endeavour to find some other channel of communication.

The 4th of August, our wedding-day, was intensely miserable, only brightened somewhat by hearing that Manzo's mother had got another pass, and had started to see her son. She may bring back news of my husband. I heard also to-day that two brigands had surrendered themselves, and that another had been arrested. Mr. Holme had been with an escort of Bersaglieri to see

them, and found that they either knew or would tell nothing of my husband, except that they had seen him a month ago, when he was pretty well. They were part of the five who threatened Signor Visconti.

On the 6th of August I received a letter from Mr. Bonham, telling me that a letter had arrived from my husband, so distressing in its character, that he would not forward it to me, adding—"He complains of suffering acutely from fatigue and exhaustion, and deficiency of food, and begs that money be sent at once for his ransom." On receiving this letter, Visconti sent off on Thursday morning last all the money he had in the house, for which Manzo has sent a receipt. Manzo's mother saw her son and the band, and implored them to give up their prisoners: some agreed, the majority would not, unless they received 30,000 ducats in all, and they would have an answer to-day. On receiving these letters I sent for Mr. Aynsley and Mr. Holme. After

consulting together, we determined that the money ought to be sent without delay, or waiting reference to you; and the money probably is, ere this, at Giffone. Mr. Moens was not with the band when Manzo's mother and the messengers saw them."

I have also received the following letter from Mr. Aynsley:—

"Naples, 5th August, 1865.

"My dear Mrs. Moens,—Manzo's mother has just returned from a visit to her son. She says he will accept 30,000 ducats. The balance will be sent at once; Richard Holme takes the money. The 1000*l.* at Visconti's was just a month in reaching them, and you must therefore not be surprised if the money to be sent to-day is as long at the same place before it obtains your husband's liberation. In haste,

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. C. Murray Aynsley."

I determined to go immediately to Naples to learn the contents of the letter which Mr. Bonham spoke of, and started at half-past three on the morning of the 7th. I am now getting more courageous, and embarked alone in a little boat to meet the steamer. We rowed for an hour; the sailors, who all knew my story, being most kind to me. The sun was rising from the sea, turning into gold all the rosy clouds that seemed hurrying out of his way; the stars, softly and imperceptibly, were vanishing—and such lovely stars! I had been watching them all the night through my open window. If it were not for the beauty of Nature one might be tempted sometimes to doubt of Heaven, but its surpassing loveliness is an earnest of the Paradise to come.

I arrived at Naples in the midst of a tremendous storm of rain. To my dismay not a carriage was to be seen: it was impossible to walk, for the streets were running with water. At last I saw a carriage approaching laden with luggage, but no

one inside. I rushed to it, and despite the opposition of the men in charge of it, jumped in and sat down, not paying the least attention to their assurances that it was engaged. Presently a priest came up and informed me that the luggage was his. I made an appeal to his feelings, telling him that I was a foreigner—an Englishwoman, and alone. He smiled, and politely begged me to keep the carriage, ordering his luggage to be taken off, to the great indignation of the porters, who had just piled it up. I went to our Consul-General, begging him to give me my husband's letter. He refused at first, but I insisted on having it. It was, indeed, very terrible.* What were we to do?

Mr. Bonham immediately sent a telegram to our Foreign Office, and another to Florence. I determined to hear the result, and then, contrary to the advice of all my friends except Mr. Bonham, to start at once for Salerno, to try

* A copy of this letter will be found in the Appendix.

and persuade the General to keep back the troops, so that we might attempt to send the money; it is so hard that it should be waiting here with no possibility of paying it. I then went on to Salerno, and visited the General. I begged and entreated him, with tears, almost on my knees, to keep back the troops. He listened very kindly, tried to soothe me, but would give no positive answer. I then told him of Talarico's plan, and that I was determined to go myself to the brigands with the money. He held up his hands in horror, and said that it was folly—madness! I told him I was not afraid of the brigands; the only obstacle to our messengers was his soldiers; if they stopped me I should tell them who I was, and I was sure they would not hurt me. He begged me to give up such a wild plan, and to have patience.

I went back to the hotel, and wrote to General Della Marmora again. I received a kind telegram in reply, begging me to keep my mind quiet, but promising nothing.

The General has just sent an aide-de-camp to tell me he cannot, consistently with his honour, keep back the troops; he sent a gentleman also who told me horrible stories about the brigands' treatment of women, with the view, I suppose, of dissuading me from adopting Talarico's plan.

8th.—I have just heard from Mr. Aynsley that Manzo's mother has returned. She did not see my husband, but she heard that there was great quarrelling among the band about him, Manzo declaring that he will let him go for 30,000 ducats, the others objecting, but being likely to give in. This is, indeed, good news, if true,* as one or two messengers more will be able to carry the remainder of the ransom. It has been arranged that if the brigands do not come to

* It was afterwards ascertained that the letters procured and forwarded by Messrs. C—— and Holme on the 1st July, which only reached Manzo with the 1000*l.* at the beginning of August, were the cause of this reduction in the original claim.

meet the messenger, he is to go every day to the appointed place, while Signor D—— waits the result at Visconti's house. My dreadful fear now is that the troops will drive them away from their present position, and then it will be weeks again before we can hear from the band; they are hardly pressed now, and nearly worn out; they said the troops often pass ten yards from where they lie concealed. My husband is not with the main body, but hidden in a grotto, in charge of a small party. Oh, that our Government would press the Italian Government to keep back their troops, if but for a few hours only, or my husband will yet be sacrificed! He reproaches me in his letter with abandoning him! If we do not within a few days get his freedom, I believe that he will be dead with hunger and exhaustion.

9th.—The brigands are still near Giffone, and have sent a letter from W., but Signor Visconti

will not give the money, for the letter is dated a *month back!* and he thinks he may not be alive. Faith and patience are tried indeed, and sorely needed here.

After this, nearly a week passed without further news; the days dragged on heavily; the heat was dreadful, the loneliness oppressive. It was impossible to go out; the General kindly sent me books. I tried to read them, to keep my thoughts a little from brooding over the horrors I imagined. I do not know how I managed to bear this so long. When trouble first comes upon us, we are apt to think it intolerable, little knowing how much deeper and deeper we may sink, and yet be sustained by our Father's hand. I seemed indeed in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; all I know is, that, in the thick darkness that covered me, nought but His hand kept me from falling into despair. On the 16th I heard that Visconti's servant met Manzo in the mountains, and was made to march three

days with him in search of the party who have care of my husband, but without success.

21st.—The brigands have forwarded a letter from my husband, acknowledging that 3000*l.* has been paid to them. This is a fearfully exciting day! Will they keep faith and release him? God only knows. This contingency, which I did not fear before, now seems to afford me the greatest possible alarm.

22nd.—Mr. R. Holme has just been, with the delicious news that the brigands will release my husband directly they have put the money in a place of safety, perhaps the day after to-morrow. I cannot read, or walk, or sleep. Can it be true?

The three next days I passed alone, weary with waiting and waiting for the expected news, till on the evening of the 25th I was almost out of my mind with fear and excitement lest the brigands should not now keep faith. What

should we do? I had had so many disappointments that I now lost all hope. When the long and weary day was at an end I went to bed, and worn out with watching and anxiety I fell asleep at half-past three. I was awoken by the joyful tidings that my husband was free! The hideous dream of so many weeks was over, but I could scarcely believe the news was true, until Mr. R. Holme came to fetch me, and we drove away together, accompanied by an escort of soldiers, to meet my husband at Giffone.

* * * * *

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream; then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION OF THE CAPTIVE'S DIARY: AUGUST 24 TO ARRIVAL AT GIFFONE AND SALERNO.

The sudden Reduction of the Ransom accounted for—The Soldiers rather too near—I am still in imminent Danger—Manzo goes round with the Hat for me—Parting Civilities—Interchange of Gifts—Pasquale's Generosity—Pavone is affectionate—I bid Him a fond Adieu—One more Night in the Woods—Arrival of Tedesco, my Guide—Manzo's Mother—My parting Advice to Manzo—My elegant Appearance—Kindness of the Peasants—Crosses on the Mountains—In sight of Giffone—My Reception there—Kindness of the Visconti Family—Arrival of my Wife at Giffone—We return together to Salerno.

CHAPTER IX.

THE morning of the 24th of August was most exciting for me, already in a perfect fever as I was from the want of sleep during the last week. I had been promised my freedom to-day, and expected every moment that Signor Visconti's old shepherd, Fortunato Tedesco, would come up to guide me to Giffone. Though not so carefully looked after as before, I had still to behave as one of the band, lest my movements should betray them. During the walk of the last night twenty of the brigands went into a field of maize, and each of them had at least twenty or thirty spikes when they returned to us; this will show the mischief done in about ten minutes by these robbers. This was the only food the band had all the rest of the time I was with them, and a

most indigestible diet it is, when cooked by being simply thrown on the live embers of a wood fire.

To-day Manzo gave me some letters he had kept from me for a long time. One was from my friend H. C——, in English, which gave me the first intimation I received of his having come out from England to Naples to try and procure my liberation.

There was another from my wife, half in English, which was most painful for me to read, for it showed the anguish from which she was suffering. There were also letters from Mr. Bonham and Mr. Holme; and last, but not least, there was one which gave me the clue to the reduction of the ransom from 50,000 to 30,000 ducats—viz., an official letter from the Prefect at Salerno to my wife, stating that the Italian Government had not paid and would not pay a ducat towards our ransom. My captors had evidently believed that the Prefect in this letter expressed the real intention of his Government; but I must say

that I sincerely trust the worthy Prefect was mistaken, and that the Italian Government will, sooner or later, compensate Mr. Aynsley and me for the losses inflicted on us through the negligence of their subordinates. These letters were all sent on to Giffone on the 3rd of July, with the third instalment of the ransom.* They were the first I had received for two months, my last dates being the 23rd June, and it was now the 24th August! No one can imagine the anguish I suffered from not having any news all this time: sometimes the wretches would tell me my wife was dead or gone to England; at other times they would say that she was well and at Naples.

Manzo now asked me for all my letters, and kept all those written in English, but returned me the others; he also asked for my dear little prayer-book and Fenelon, and quietly put them in his pocket. I had the greatest difficulty in inducing him to let me have them back, for he feared

* See page 47.

lest I had made any notes in them that might prove injurious to the band; but at last, after carefully examining them, he allowed me to take them with me. My notes, which I had made in a small Letts's diary, I had cut out some days before and concealed in the inner lining of my waistcoat. I then wrote some more in the little book, on purpose for them to tear out. Manzo did this at once on my offering the little book for his inspection. These notes have proved of the greatest service in enabling me to sketch out this narrative, fixing the days on which we changed our hiding places, and recalling to mind many things that would otherwise certainly have escaped my memory.

Hour after hour I waited for Tedesco, but he did not appear.

There was great gambling going on to-day. I saw Manzo lose seventy napoleons at one toss. Two others of the band lost all their share, and the money was now nearly all in the hands of

the captain, Andrea, Generoso, and Pasquale. We moved a little up the mountain, when all at once we heard in the valley below a great noise of people talking loudly; and the brigands going to reconnoitre, returned with the intelligence that there was a large force of soldiers surrounding the mountain. This was most unsatisfactory news for me, for Manzo made me follow the band up the mountain, and if it came to a fight, I felt sure that either the brigands (especially Scope) or the soldiers would certainly make me a target; and that I should have the pleasure of being shot after all the ransom had been paid, or have the satisfaction of spending several days more with the band, should it be necessary to take me with them to another neighbourhood. I told them that I did not believe the soldiers knew of or were looking for the band; for if they were, they would never make so much noise. I thought of the quiet movements of English troops, contrasted with the

hubbub below, where every private was trying to outbawl his comrade. In a short time I heard the joyful news that they were moving away in the direction of Bagnuolo, conveying with them a number of peasants, whom they had arrested for aiding the brigands. All these prisoners were mounted on mules and donkeys, having their feet tied together under the beasts (as I was told by Pavone), to prevent them escaping. It was the greatest relief to me to see them depart, with their muskets flashing in the sun, for I was so afraid that Manzo would think that there was some connivance between the authorities and my friends, the latter helping to do what they could to exterminate the brigands now that they thought I had been set free.

If the soldiers had by chance seen or got information of the whereabouts of the band, the brigands certainly would have thought this, and would have cut my throat in an instant. I

always had the greatest horror of the stiletto in the possession of Pavone, which had taken the lives of two peasants who had come under the term of *infame*. This weapon on one occasion had been lent to Scope, when he was my sole guardian one evening, for the purpose of using against me should I suddenly attack him. This had not been intended for me to see; but as I was always attending to the slightest action on the part of my captors, I had noticed the stiletto passed from the one to the other. At about five o'clock there was a grand consultation about their next movements, Giardullo's late followers taking a great lead, and insisting on their advice being followed; and eventually they got the best of the argument. I could clearly see that these four men would have a great influence in the actions of Manzo's band; and that having very little money, and being very determined old hands at brigandage, they would not fail to keep the province in a constant state of agitation, and this

has very soon proved to be the case.* Manzo and seven of his men had not only to deliver me over to the guide, but to get bread, and (as I distinctly heard) to receive some money. This confirmed me in an idea I had formed that there was another prisoner in their hands, for some of the band were absent, and I could not account for this in any other way. We had a fortnight ago heard that Manzo had gone down for the purpose of taking somebody.

Before they separated, Manzo took off his wide-awake, and, putting some napoleons in it, went round making a collection for me (as he expressed it), "to go to Naples like a gentleman!" They were not as generous as he expected, and he went to the bag of gold carried by Generoso for the expenses of the band, and made up from the general fund the sum of seventeen and a

* At the present time (Nov. 1) this same band have no less than five captives—M. Wenner, of Salerno, and some of his employés, and a M. Anfrè, a schoolmaster, who had been in their hands once before.

half napoleons, which he handed over to me. I on this asked him for a very thick long gold chain he always wore: he was taking it off to give to me, when he was called away by some one, and I lost the intended gift. Generoso gave me a ring as a keepsake. I asked him for his knife which had taken the lives of two men, and which I wanted to show as a specimen of a brigand's weapon. When open it was more than twelve inches in length, and a terrible cut-throat implement; the handle was of horn, ornamented and inlaid with silver. At first he declared that he had lost it, but I got hold of his jacket and produced it. I told him that we had paid him 30,000 ducats, and he could easily get another, while in England it would be looked on as a great curiosity; at last he consented, and asked me for my tiny penknife, which I gave him in exchange. He did not at all like parting with his, and constantly regretted its loss afterwards. "Pasquale, the man who, not

participating in our ransom, perpetually demanded that my ears should be cut off, and had always ill-treated me, now came up, and to my great astonishment gave me two more napoleons, which I accepted with thanks, considering it perfectly right on my part to take all they offered me.

All the rest of the band now went off to the eastward—I believe, from a large map of the province I afterwards inspected in England, to the neighbourhood of Bagnuolo, and I then saw them for the last time. Before they went Pavone, who had had the special care of me all the time I was with them, came to me and put up his face for me to kiss him; but this was more than I could stand, and I contented myself with shaking hands with him.

It was now about six o'clock, and I was now told to follow Manzo and his party, and was taken down the mountain towards a place where some cattle were feeding. I was told to sit

down while they ran to the herds and had a long talk. They returned without getting anything, for the peasants refused to carry bread, declaring that it was certain death for them to do so.

I was now taken along the valley and made to sit in places where the expected guides could easily see me, but without any result; though the brigands constantly shouted, in order to attract the attention of the guides, in the manner in which the peasants call one to the other in the mountains.

They then went to the peasants again who were passing near, driving their cattle towards Acerno, and arrangements were made to obtain other guides should Visconti's men not appear. I was most anxious to make my own way to Acerno, and then get some one to go with me to Giffone. "Would you not be afraid," they said, "to go alone in these mountains and perish?" to which I replied—"I have not been afraid of you, who are far worse than any others

I am likely to meet, and what should I fear with a good conscience?" They began to talk of the knowledge of the country I had shown all the time, but at last the captain told me that I had better wait till the next morning, when guides were sure to arrive; I knew this was a command, and had to make up my mind to another night in the woods, but little sleep did I get, thinking of seeing those from whom I had been separated so long.

August 25.—Though I had been promised that the guides would come at daybreak to take me away, five, six, seven o'clock came without their appearance, and I was in despair. Guange and Catane were with me, the former asking me not to speak of him at Naples, for he was well-known there. I told him he need not fear my saying anything that would hurt him, for the authorities knew much more of him than I did, as I did not know whether he was called by a nickname or not.

All at once, at about half-past seven, to my intense joy, Tedesco, Visconti's old shepherd, walked up from the place where Manzo and the others were. He was so pleased to see me that he would kiss me, and I had not the heart to refuse him. My first question was to inquire all about my wife, and I was deeply thankful to learn that she was quite well and had escaped all malaria fever, which is so prevalent in Naples in summer. He told me that he had been hunting everywhere for the band since the night of Sunday, the 20th, when the 3000*l.* were paid. He had a companion to help him to carry the money, which weighed nearly forty pounds, and was as much as they could carry up the mountains; and that it was a most dangerous task, although they had been promised the protection of both the Italian and English Governments. They had run the greatest danger from the troops, who would certainly, he said, have shot them had they caught them carrying money to the brigands. He told me that he was worn

out with the fatigue and hunger he had undergone during the last six days, not having slept once in a house all that time; and that he would have given up the search for the band had he not fallen in with them this morning, though he had vowed not to return without me. Last night he had slept on the other side of the mountain opposite us, not having the slightest idea that we were so close to him.

He now went back to Manzo, and sent an old woman, who proved to be Manzo's mother, to me; she had brought a small loaf of white bread and a little omelette for me, which luxuries seemed to be most delicious after the coarse fare I had been subjected to lately. It seemed very curious seeing anyone in woman's dress, to which I had been a stranger for so long a time.

When the old lady went away, Manzo came to me, and sitting down, asked me what I should say to the Prefect when he questioned me about his band. I told him that I should tell him

that he and his band of about 30 men had been a match for an army of 10,000 men, and that he had proved himself the cleverer of the two. This pleased him immensely, and he quite rubbed his hands with glee, and immediately gave me two rings, which I put on my fingers in brigand fashion. Contrary to his usual practice, he did not caution me against telling about the band and their proceedings, which greatly surprised me, for the Viscontis had been cautioned and threatened in a most violent manner should they say a word.

He now returned to his men, and I heard the chinking sound of their counting money, which I suppose was the sum he was to receive, which I heard mentioned the day before. At about eleven o'clock Manzo asked me if I should like to go; so I threw away all the warm clothing I had been carrying about with me so long, tied up in a handkerchief, and which had served me as a pillow at night since the 19th June. In answer to

my inquiries, Manzo informed me that he was well satisfied with the amount we had paid him. My macintosh coat I put in my pocket, and refusing the proffered kisses, shook hands all around with them, they parting with me in the most friendly way possible. Generoso added another to my stock of rings, making the number five. I recommended Manzo, for the future, not to take foreigners, but to confine his attention to his own countrymen, which would prove far better for him; for when a foreigner was taken it was in all the papers in the world, and it compelled the Government to send so many soldiers that the brigands had very little chance of escaping capture.

I now stepped forward, accompanied by Tedesco and the mother of Manzo, all the brigands wishing me a pleasant journey, waving their arms to me while in sight. They were soon lost to view in the wood, and I walked on a free man, having been a captive in their hands

102 days, all which time I never entered any description of house, sleeping always in the open air on the hard ground!

It was one of those fearfully hot days, when, in a southern clime, everything looks copper coloured, and when the slightest motion requires great exertion; but we had a long journey before us, and it was desirable to get to Giffone before dark, so on we went in the broiling sun. I felt this very much, for when I was with the band I had never *walked* once in the sun. Walking in the daytime was only attempted when in a dense forest, where it was impossible for the rays of the sun to penetrate. Up hill and down dale we walked; it seemed so curious to be able to walk in so open a manner, and from habit I kept looking round to see if anyone were watching our motions. Tedesco gave me a piece of chocolate, which my late brother captive, Visconti, had kindly sent to me. He had often done so before, but the brigands had always eaten it, and

never told me anything about it. Shirts, too, were sent up two or three times; but these in the same way had never reached me, but were worn by the lucky men who fell in with the guides.

I was in a desperate plight as regards dress; and though I cared little about my appearance when in the woods, I did not quite like showing myself at Giffone. I had, however, to put on a good face, and make the best of it. My trousers were all in tatters from catching in the brambles and bushes, and hanging in ribbons at the feet. My coat was covered with the fat and grease of the meat that I had had to carry in the pocket; and all the lining of the skirts was torn to shreds; while constantly sleeping and lying on the dirty ground had quite changed the original colour and pattern of the cloth. My wide-awake was dirty and torn. My shirt I had worn day and night since the 19th of June; and my boots were all broken, and many of the seams un-

stitched. I am quite certain that none of my friends would have been able to recognise me; but I cheered myself with the news that a large warm bath would be ready for me on my appearance at Signor Visconti's house, where my friends had sent everything that I might require in the shape of dress.

It is almost unnecessary to describe the state of my body. I was covered with sores from the effect of the vermin, through the brigands having steadily refused to allow me to remove my clothing for washing purposes, and never allowing me to stop at a stream, for fear of the troops coming upon us before I could re-arrange my dress.

In two hours we came to the river running under the hill, where I had spent the last fortnight. I pointed it out to Fortunato. Here we sat down to rest in the shade, for the old woman complained dreadfully of fatigue, and had been lagging behind all the way; while we were

sitting here, two peasants came up to us, and had a chat with us according to their usual custom to hear all the news. I was regarded by them with the greatest interest, for every one had heard of the *Inglese* that had been in the hands of the brigands, and they were full of commiseration for me, and opened their eyes very wide when they heard the enormous sum that had been paid; it being the largest sum ever paid in this way. Manzo's mother made me show them the five rings that had been given to me, which she evidently considered reflected great dignity on her as the mother of one who had shown such princely generosity! It had grieved her to the heart when in starting I had taken them all off my fingers because the swelling of the hands while walking made them feel so uncomfortable, besides the ridiculous appearance they presented when worn by me attired as I then was. These two men knew all the band by name, and discussed the generosity of the

brigands, who had given me in their eyes such magnificent gifts! They were not behind hand in their hospitable offers, wishing to kill a lamb for me from a flock they were tending on the other side of the stream. They wanted to light a fire and cook it on the spot, saying that they knew I had been half starved. I thanked them for their kind offers, which I declined; but I asked them to pick me some grapes and some splendid plums that were hanging quite ripe in the orchard near which we were. They brought a donkey that I might cross the river on its back, and thus avoid wetting my feet! and we all passed one by one in this manner. On starting again, they wished me a safe journey to England, and shaking hands with them, I thanked them for their kindness to me, and then we commenced to climb a steep hill, at the top of which was the mule road on which, while with the brigands, I had seen the soldiers marching along.

This was the road from Acerno to Giffone, as I

had given my opinion to the brigands, who denied so strenuously that I was convinced I was right. The heat was now greater than ever, being reflected from the white crumbling limestone which is common in this part of the country.

A little farther on we came to a large cross, which had been erected on the spot where a peasant had committed a murder, after which he became a member of Manzo's band, but Fortunato did not tell me which one it was; on the cross was a small inscription, stating the name of the victim and the date of his death. We saw other crosses on our way, and at one glen, which looked as dark as the deed committed there, I was told that Carmine Amendolo had waited concealed, and in cold blood had shot a man who had crossed him in love.* I had noticed on several of the

* Mr. Hilton, in his valuable work on "Brigandage in South Italy," vol. i. pp. 243, 244, mentions a story told by Marc Monnier, which strongly illustrates this custom. A guide to whom a traveller intrusted himself in ascending the Mattese, confessed that on various portions of the moun-

brigands' guns little crosses they had cut on them, which were in their idea expiatory of the murders committed with the weapons so marked; and thus the guns or knives are reverenced according to the number of lives taken by them. This was one of the causes why Generoso was so loath to part with the knife he gave to me.

On our way we met several parties of peasants who all stopped to talk with us. One man we spoke to was introduced to me as the first *ricattato* of the band. He was a poor man, and his family had to pay 100 ducats for his release. I told him that he was the first and I the last, but he had been more fortunate, for 30,000 ducats was the price set upon my head. At about half-past five o'clock we descended a terrible path in a kind of shelf on the side of the precipitous mountain called St. Salvador, in whose sides are

tain ridges *he had erected twenty-nine of these crosses!* The morality and religion of such a being indeed belong (as Mr. Hilton says) to the darkest times.

three caves supposed to have been inhabited by the saints in days gone by.

Many a time had I seen the rosy glow of the setting sun on the summit of this mountain during the month of June, when I had been nidden in the neighbourhood of Giffone.

This place, of which I had heard so much, and which took such a great part (through the services of the Visconti family) in procuring my liberation, now burst in view. It appeared to consist of a long, rambling series of dwellings, the whole valley being dotted with little houses, composing two or three distinct villages, each of which had its church. The wide, but now nearly dry bed of the river ran right through the place, and on a conical hill was situated an old Norman castle. The position of Signor Visconti's mansion was pointed out to me, and it was a treat to see Fortunato's look of pride when he told me that we were now on his master's land, which was of great extent on both sides of

the valley. I now could recognise the place where I had been from the 8th to the 19th June, and found that it was not three miles from Giffone.

When we crossed the river and entered one of the villages (which was composed of the houses inhabited by the peasants attached to the proprietor, who owns the land around, for there are many remains of the feudal system here) our little party was mobbed by all the inhabitants, who poured out to see the foreigner, their *bête noir*, the innocent cause of so many of the villages being depopulated. I was informed that in the provinces of Salerno and Avellino no less than 1500 peasants had been arrested and imprisoned for complicity with the brigands while I was in their hands. I was in the most uncomfortable state of mind lest any of the relatives should revenge themselves on my person by making ready use of their knives and stilettos. Many of the young girls were very good-looking, and as we passed the

water where they were engaged in washing, they all paused in their occupation to have a good look at the bearded foreigner, who in return was gratified with a sight to which he had been long a stranger.

Here I was met by a sergeant of the Carabiniers and two of his men off duty, who ordered me in the roughest way possible to go to the other end of the village, half a mile out of my road, to the head-quarters of their corps, that I might be examined by the captain; but, as they admitted they had no orders about me, and I was very tired and anxious to wash off the dirt of three and a half months, and to change my clothes, I refused to go. The sergeant was most impertinent in his manner, and so I told him that, if I was wanted, I should be found at Signor Visconti's house, and walked on. I was soon overtaken by a boy, sent after me to say that if I waited a minute, the captain would join me, which he very soon did, accompanied by the syndic of the

place. These gentlemen most kindly congratulated me on my escape, and asked me what information I could give them about the brigands. I told them that I could tell them nothing that would prove of the slightest use, for I at that time did not know the names of any places which I had been taken to, except Acerno. I told them I had been released near that place, and that the band had gone to the eastward.

As we walked on all the gentry of the place came and welcomed me most warmly, and I noticed that most of them carried guns as a protection against the brigands. When we reached the road leading up to Signor Visconti's mansion, a carriage drove up, and here I met Mr. Richard Holme, of the firm of Cumming, Wood, and Co., of Naples, who had these many weeks been working most indefatigably to procure my release, frequently undergoing the greatest possible personal risk on behalf of me and Mr. Aynsley. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could at

first thank him in English, having to supply many words in Italian, and the excitement of the meeting being almost too much for me. Signor Michele di Majo, who also had done so much for us, was with him, and they both seemed as happy as possible to see their exertions crowned with success.

We now drove through Signor Visconti's property to his house, where I was received with a perfect ovation, all the members of the family and the villagers having assembled in the courtyard to receive me as I descended from the carriage. Don Elia, the head of the house, stepped forward and saluted me, as did also my fellow captives, Don Francesco and little Tomasino. Nothing could exceed the warmth of their reception of me, and the kindness I experienced in their hospitable house—warm baths, a barber, and everything I could desire were prepared for me; at ten o'clock a magnificent supper was ready, and at eleven Mr. Holme returned to

Salerno with a letter from me to my wife, telling her of my safety, and that the authorities had requested me not to return to Salerno till the next day, as they wished to ask me some questions officially.

I got little sleep that night, though I enjoyed the luxury of a bed; and rising early I was ready to receive my wife, who, with Mr. Holme, drove from Salerno, arriving at Giffone at seven o'clock in the morning.

The pleasure of this meeting I shall not attempt to describe. In the afternoon we returned together to Salerno with grateful hearts, escorted by cavalry, sent specially for the purpose by General Balegno.

CHAPTER X.

REFLECTIONS ON BRIGANDAGE: SOUTHERN ITALY.

The Ransom all paid to the Band—No other Persons participate directly—The exorbitant Prices charged for Food—The Peasants the real Gainers—Manutengoli—The real Causes of the Success of Brigandage—The Roots to be eradicated—Measures proposed.

CHAPTER X.

In describing the distribution of a portion of the ransom in a former chapter, I was purposely precise, because attempts have been made in certain quarters to suggest that some of the money was kept back *en route*, as a sort of commission from the brigands; but on every occasion on which money was sent up by our friends, I knew what each man had given him, having actually seen it counted out. It may also thus be proved that none of the ransom money paid to Manzo's band went to Rome, or elsewhere in the province of Salerno; for when money is once divided among the men, it is perfectly out of the control of their captain, unless for the actual expenses of food, when all the money kept back by him for this purpose is expended; and

then a whip is made according to the necessity of the case, all having to contribute equally. Should any one be without money at the time, he is debited in the captain's accounts, and the amouut deducted from the next ransom money.

I do not believe that any articles of food are supplied by *manutengoli* gratis to the brigands; on the other hand, the brigands pay for all they get at most exorbitant prices; and the way in which the napoleons go for bread, sheep, cheese, bacon, &c., is truly surprising. I often inspected the captain's accounts, and saw clearly from them and the price paid for everything that five-sixths of the money received in shape of ransoms by the brigands go to the peasants, who are thus the persons actually benefiting by brigandage! All the time I was in their hands I used to inquire the prices of various articles of food in the towns, and got a very accurate idea of what the brigands paid for them; a

pezzo, their term for ducat, equal to three shillings and fourpence, was the peasant's ordinary price for a loaf weighing two *rotoli* (equal to about three and a half pounds English); this cost from threepence to sixpence in the towns, according to whether it was made of rye, maize, or wheat, but this made no difference in the price paid by the brigands. A coarse cotton shirt cost them two and a half ducats, or eight shillings and fourpence, and washing one, a ducat, or three shillings and fourpence; each cartridge for a revolver cost the same, and everything else in proportion.

From a calculation I made when with them, I do not think that a band consisting of from twenty-five to thirty men would spend less than 4000*l.* a year for absolute necessaries, and the rest of their spoils would be lent out among their friends in the country at ten per cent. interest. I recommended them to buy Italian five per cent. stock, as being safer than lending money on personal security! But they said they never lost any, and

they feared the stock being confiscated by the Government!

When they have got a good sum together by gambling (the ransom money soon gets into three or four hands in this way), and conveyed it to their friends, they give themselves up to the authorities, and in prison enjoy themselves on the extra supply of food paid for out of their savings. They told me that when they buy food for themselves in prison, a profit of 100 per cent. is added to the cost of it, by the persons licensed by the governor of the prison for this purpose. While I was with Manzo's band I did not see any traces of *manutengolism*. Food never came up in great quantities; what clothing the men required they bought for themselves from the peasants who brought the bread. I heard that thirty hats and a quantity of shirts were coming up, but I believe that the hats were lost by the surrender of the brigands who were sent for them. I never saw anything of the shirts. All the money

was divided among the band, both in our case and in that of the two Viscontis; although the *manutengoli* are generally supposed to share in the plunder, I do not believe this was done in the case of Manzo's band. It may be that the vigilance and extra measures taken by the Italian Government, while I was in the hands of the brigands, caused the rich proprietors and priests who favoured their cause to be very cautious in their dealings with these outlaws. Through Giardullo's revelations several have been convicted, but my impression is that the brigands gain their knowledge of the movements of *galantuomini*, as they call rich men living in the country, and of the troops, from the peasants and *vetturini*, who can give them all the information and aid they require to carry on a successful career; and it is against these classes that the Italian Government must direct their efforts, if they intend to put down brigandage.

In the way it is now carried on, the pro-

prietors dare not show their faces out of their houses, for they are carried off from the very villages, should they venture to go a step from their own doors. All their lands are left to be cultivated by their labourers, at their discretion, without ever being visited by the owners; and subject to the rapacity of these peasants, the master gets a certain proportion of his own produce, the peasants bringing home just what pleases them and no more. It is the same with the shepherds, who are months together in the mountains with their sheep, and between the shepherds and the brigands I suspect the poor owner of the sheep has a hard time of it.

I may perhaps be allowed to say, on the subject of Italian brigandage generally, that I consider that it cannot be suppressed as long as the *interests* of the country people are concerned in its maintenance (as they are at present by the high prices given them by the brigands for food and assistance), or while

their *fears of the vendetta* forbid them taking any attitude hostile to the brigands. The readers of Count Maffei's book will understand the terrible position of the unfortunate peasantry who are suspected of having given, or of being likely to give, the authorities any information as to the brigands' movements.*

The first thing to be done to rescue these poor people from the thraldom in which they now live is to open up the country by roads, and the next is to levy the sum paid as ransom for any captive by a rate on the district haunted by the band.

If, in addition to this, a court-martial were held on the spot on anyone found with more bread on his person than a specified amount, say sufficient for his midday meal, and if after a speedy trial any one thus proved to have any dealings

* The career of Caruso, as described in General Pallavicini's letter (Maffei, vol. ii. p. 227), affords a striking instance of the enormities committed on these poor unprotected creatures.

whatsoever with the brigands were hanged, '*excepting always any persons who may be rescuing one of their family from the brigands' hands*, it would cause a state of fear among the peasants at least as great as that now excited by the brigands; and the peasants would soon betray the causes of this scourge of Southern Italy into the hands of the troops, to be dealt with in a different manner from that in which they are at present. What punishment is it to a brigand, formerly an idle, good-for-nothing peasant, who has, by murder or homicide, forfeited all claims to earning an honest livelihood, to be confined in prison and allowed to buy any quantity of food and tobacco with the earnings of brigandage? What do these men glory in more than idleness and plenty to eat? It is no punishment, but simply *retiring from business* to spend a few years in the way that suits them best. I often heard the subject discussed, and this was the way they always spoke of it.

Severe diseases require sharp remedies; and no wonder that there is such a dissatisfied feeling against the rapidly increasing taxation, while brigandage, which has increased in a similar ratio since the fall of the Bourbons, has had the effect of decreasing the produce of the land brought to the storehouse of the proprietors. Were a local force of armed police established, like the constabulary in Ireland, who would have a knowledge of all those aiding the brigands and could watch their movements, it would be of far greater utility than the thousands of Piedmontese troops who are sent to a province where they are perfect strangers, and viewed with suspicion and dislike by all, both proprietors and peasants, on account of the ill-feeling that exists between the inhabitants of Northern and Southern Italy.

The military force would be most useful in following up the discoveries and measures of the local police, who would at once know of the arrival of the brigands in any part of the country.

These police would know all the inhabitants of the villages and the surrounding country, and if any of them were absent at night they could be made to account for being abroad. This would speedily prevent all carrying of food during the night. In fact, a Curfew Act, such as that which existed not so very long ago in Ireland, would soon produce the desired effect.

I cannot do better than quote a passage from Murray's "Guide to Sicily":—"Whatever the faults of the Bourbon Government, it had at least this merit, that it kept the roads throughout its dominions as secure for the traveller as those of Northern Europe. On the mainland, this was ensured by throwing the responsibility of keeping the roads safe on the several *commune* or towns. In Sicily it was effected by the system of rural police, called companies at arms. That Sicily is not so secure now as it was under the former *régime*, is not owing to the same causes as disturb the continental portion of the old kingdom.

Brigandage is not carried on there under the mask of political disaffection. There are no bands of reactionists in Sicily in arms against Victor Emmanuel. Those who have taken to the road are of that class which is ever looking out for opportunities of robbery and violence, which has found them in the unsettled state of the island since the expulsion of the Bourbons. When we bear in mind the complete subversion of the old political system, under which everything was done with the strong hand, and the police claimed the monopoly of committing outrages against persons and property, and the sudden transition from the most abject political slavery to constitutional liberty, the almost entire change, not only of measures but of men, that has since been introduced, it will hardly be matter of surprise that the police machinery has not yet been got into such thorough working order as under the Bourbons.

"This body of rural police was established in 1812, during the occupation of the island by the

English; for at that time, as for ages previous, the island was so overrun by bandits that stringent measures for their suppression were imperatively demanded. To each of the 24 districts of Sicily a squadron of horse was assigned, by the name of a company at arms, under the command of a captain appointed by the Government, but who selected his own men. This system of police was abolished after the disturbances of 1837, and replaced by Neapolitan gensdarmes, who were driven out with the troops in the revolution of 1848; and the *compagni,* being restored, were confirmed in 1849, on the re-establishment of the royal authority. The captains receive 32 tari; the lieutenants, 10 tari; a private, 8 tari, paid monthly. A tari is fourpence. One quarter of this sum is kept back till the end of the year, in order to meet all contingent demands, for both officers and men are held responsible for all highway robberies committed within their respective districts be-

tween sunrise and sunset; and the captains have further to give security of 2000 onze, equal to 1000*l.*, to the Government, on the same account. Out of their slender pay the men have to purchase and keep a horse, and find their uniform; but the Government provides them with carbine, sword, and pistols. By living in the country towns and villages they learn all the bad characters; and, if a robbery be committed, they know where to look for the property. It is a singular system of police, peculiar to Sicily, which, by the identity of interests secured by the common responsibility, has in ordinary times secured the safety of the roads."

United Italy is not in half the bad state that is generally imagined; the taxation is only 1*l.* a head, and the interest on its debt is only 10,000,000*l.* to 24,000,000 inhabitants. The pay of labourers in Southern Italy is from 10*d.* to 15*d.* a day, and they can live well on 4*d.*, as regards provisions.

But Italy is an agricultural country; its wealth is in the produce of the land; and to develope that wealth must the Government direct its exertions. Were the country in a state to allow of the proprietors attending personally to the improvement of their own lands, in the course of a few years the revenue would rise to the legitimate requirements of the state; but as long as the security of the towns only is looked to, and the safety of the producing part of the kingdom made a secondary consideration, Italy will be getting deeper in the mire, and continue to have to borrow money to pay the interest of a constantly increasing debt; and all true lovers of the glorious land will have long to wait to see what they so much desire—a strong, independent, and flourishing United Italy.

APPENDIX.

A. Notice posted up in the Hotel Vittoria, Salerno.

B. Carmine Amendolo's Commissions.

C. The Dangers of Signor Visconti's position.

D. Translation of Signor Visconti's Letter to Mrs. Moens.

E. Reply from the Prefect of Salerno to the Inquiry whether his Government would pay any of the Ransom—addressed to Mrs. Moens.

F. Translation of Manzo's Letter to Signor Visconti.

G. Letter from the Captive to his Wife, dictated verbatim by Manzo.

H. Letter to Manzo from Talarico.

I. Manzo's Receipt, and Translation.

K. Note to Chapter I., Vol. II.

APPENDIX.

A.

Notice posted up in the Hotel Vittoria, Salerno.

AVIS AUX VOYAGEURS.

Le Soussigné avertit messieurs les voyageurs et les étrangers en particulier, qui, craignant les malvivants, s'abstiennent peut-être de visiter les monuments de Paestum, que la rue depuis Salerne au dit lieu de Paestum offre la plus grande sûreté, d'autant plus, que maintenant, grâce à la prévoyance de M. le Lieutenant-Général Avenati, commandant la Division Militaire, il s'est fixé des détachements de troupes sur différents points de la rue, c'est-à-dire, à Battipaglia, Barizzo et Paestum. Quant à la route de Salerne à Amalfi, elle est aussi complétement assurée.

V. DE MAJO,

Propriétaire de l'Auberge de la Vittoria à Salerne.

Translation posted up alongside the above.

NOTICE TO TRAVELLERS.

Mr. V. de Majo, proprietor of the Victoria Hotel at Salerno, begs to inform travellers desirous of visiting the Temples of Paestum that the road is now perfectly safe between Salerno and Paestum, owing to the vigilance of General Avenati, the Military Commander of the district, who has stationed patrols along the road at Battipaglia, Barizzo, and Paestum. The road from Salerno to Amalfi, is also quite safe.

V. DE MAJO,
Proprietor of the Victoria Hotel at Salerno.

B.

Were the Brigands connected with Francis II.?

On the 17th May, Carmine Amendolo showed me the commission he had received, signed by "Tardio." This Giuseppe Tardio was a native of the province of Salerno, and had been a law student, but at the age of twenty-five he went to Rome, and there organized a band to make the vain attempt to restore Francis II. to the throne of his fathers; with these he returned to his province, and signed proclamations as "Captain commanding the Bourbon army."

This commission of Amendolo's was written

on the back of a *carte de visite* of Francis II., and officially stamped with the arms of the House of Bourbon.

He also had had another commission making him sergeant, and another raising him to the rank of adjutant, in consideration of his great services; these were written on letter paper, also signed by Tardio, and stamped with the official seal of the deposed monarch. The latest date of these documents was July, 1863. I do not think that any others of the band had similar documents, or they would have been certain to have shown them to me, as they did anything that they had in the shape of writing.

Amendolo was caught in August while trying to hide himself in a ditch, and dragged out by the soldiers. Having his gun with him at the time, he stands but little chance of getting off with his life.

On one occasion I was asked by all whether I was not a relative of Francis II., for the band had heard something of the kind from the peasants. I believe that some letters were written to the ex-king, at Rome, concerning me, and this being talked about in the towns, had soon spread through the country.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade them that I had nothing to do with the Bourbon race.

C.

June 7.—When Visconti was about to leave the band, Manzo told him that if his father did not consent to forward the money, letters, &c., for me, that they would murder all his family, burn his house, cut down all the olive and chestnut trees, destroy his flocks, and do all the damage they could. This put Signor Visconti in a very awkward position, for the penalty for being in communication with the brigands is twenty years' imprisonment, and Visconti therefore very wisely got the permission of the Italian Government, through Mr. Bonham, before undertaking this dangerous office, which he fulfilled so faithfully and satisfactorily.

D.

Translation of a Letter from Signor Visconti (whose Son was captive along with Mr. Moens) to Mrs. Moens.

"Honoured Madame Moens,—By last Sunday's post I received your very kind letter, containing another addressed to your unfortunate husband. I have not yet forwarded it to its destination, as I have not been able to obtain intelligence of the spot where the band is actually to be found; but on the first opportunity I will

not fail to have it conveyed to Mr. Moens, together with another letter left here for him by your friend Mr. Holme.

"You have overwhelmed me with so many kind expressions of gratitude and acknowledgment, that I am ashamed to confess that I do not deserve them in the least. I have done nothing for you but write a letter to the brigand chief, with the view of impressing on him the idea which I had formed of your social position, hoping to move him from the enormous amount of ransom for which he holds out. But God has not given me this consolation, for the brigands consider that I am a simple man, easily to be deceived; they might indeed have suspected worse of me; and their not having entertained any worse supposition I attribute to the mercy of God, who has so remarkably protected my family in restoring to me my eldest son quite uninjured, and even in better health than when he was captured. I trust the Lord will soon grant you the like mercies, and also another favour now even more needful—namely, that you may be able to support with patience and resignation the anguish and mental suffering which oppress you, the weight of which I can fully estimate, and in which I heartily sympathise with you. I am not in a position to render you any other services, my dear madam, than those of receiving letters and money, and

transmitting them faithfully to their destination. And these services I am resolved to continue to perform for you, although they may—as I greatly fear—compromise me with the Government. No thanks or acknowledgment are due to me from you for this, for I seek to do no more than to fulfil the duty of a Christian towards a family suffering (as my own family has suffered) under misfortunes, and especially towards an individual who has shared with my son dangers and every kind of suffering incident to a wild life among men bereft of all the feelings of humanity—an individual too whom I greatly respect and esteem, though I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"I have one request to make of you, namely, that you will recommend me to the Consul, in whose honourable character and powerful protection I have the greatest confidence; for the little that I do, I do without the formal written authority of the local officials here, having been obliged to content myself hitherto with their simple oral permission.

"Madam, do not abandon yourself to an excess of grief. God will console you when you least expect it—be it by softening the hearts of those savage and unreasoning beings, or by using some of those means of controlling human affairs which are in the power of Him alone.

Trust in God with that same confidence which my son assures me your worthy husband has never ceased to display during all his misfortunes.—Believe me your devoted servant,

"ELIA VISCONTI."

E.

"Prefettura de Principato Citeriore.
"Salerno, li 20 Giugno, 1865.

"Il sottoscrittò è dolente di dovere assicurare alla S. I. Illma. che non solo, non è autorizzato a dare la piu piccola somma per il riscatto dello infelice Inglese, che trovasi in mano dei briganti, ma per dovere di carica deve impedire con tutti i mezzi che sono in suo potere, acciocchè non siano mandati loro denari ed altri oggetti.

"Gradina i sentimenti di stima ed alta considerazione,

"Del Prefetto,
"SIGISMOND.

"Alla Signora Signora Annie Moens, Napoli."

F.

Translation of Letter to Signor Visconti from Manzo.

"SIG. D. ELIA VISCONTI,—I can do nothing more, because my band require absolutely 50,000 ducats, otherwise they wish to take his life, there-

fore then, with many tears of my mother, and many prayers of my mother and Fortunato Tedesco, they had compassion; they cried so much that they wanted to take him with them. I interceded with my band, because they wished to take away his life; thereupon they said they would have 30,000 ducats, with what I have already received, without deducting a centime—30,000 ducats, otherwise we shall take his life.

"CAPITANO MANZO."

G.

The last Letter (mentioned at p. 256, Vol. II.) from the Captive to his Wife, dictated verbatim *by Manzo.*

31 Luglio, 1865.

"O moglia ingrata, O moglia crudele, come mi avate abandonato, con quale coraggio mi volete fare morire per denaro, uno povero uomo cosi abandonato da tutte! O moglia ingrata, come mi ai abandonato, cosi come io nonne vi so niente! Mi volete far morire per denaro. O moglia, movetevi a compassione e pietà verso di me, povero, afflitto e sventurato! Che m'avate cosi abandonato da tutte, ho veduto la mia morte con miei occhi a poco a poco, movetevi con compassione, fatelo per cinque piaghe di Jesu Christo nonne mi fate morire cosi, a poco a poco. O moglia carissima movetevi a compassione, mandate il

denaro, portatevi a piedi al nostro consule Inglese e al nostri concittadini; pregate che mandassino il denaro che se movessero a compassione di uno disgrazziato giovane Inglese, che non mi facessero morire nel boschi del regno di Napoli, movesse a compassione e pietà che non mi abandonassero, non mi facessero morire nel boschi, che le mia carne sarebbe mangiata dal animale salvatici, mandate il denaro, avate pietà della mia carne. Non credete che mi riscatatte colle forze pubblice queste è la piu peggiore cosa per mi chi vogliono il denaro per mio riscatto, non mai la forza mi riscata, morto non vivo, chi vogliono il denaro, non la forza per mio riscatto si voi non mandate il denaro, certo sono morto; e mandate presto il denaro, perche io non posso soffrire piu. O carissima moglia, io scrivo a voi nuovo; non posso soffrire piu, sono tre parte morto con fame, tre giorni senza cibo e poi un poco di carne crude; sono si debole che è difficile per me di camminare; se volete di rivedermi è importante assai che mandate il denaro subito, subito non in si poce somme, ma in piu grande. Non tengo lettere di voi dopo il 23 Junio; sono molto lontano; il capitano ha ricevuto il denaro, e subito quando il denaro è pagato sono liberato. Non credava che i nostri amici erano si crudeli contro me, non hanno una scintilla di pietà verso me.

"Credetemi se il denaro non è pagato presto presto, è securo che io morro; sono si debole, sono

spesso due giorni senza cibo e aqua, che fate, carissima, che lasciatemi cosi? Mandatemi due camice di cotone del paese, e uno nuovo pajo di calzone forte, e due pajo forte di calzetta di lanata oscura. Se non potete mandare il denaro, sono pieno di pidocchi e sono coperto di piage. Addio, addio, carissima mia, ho lasciato ogni speranza di rivederti. Vostro sempre amante e affezionato marito,

" W. J. C. M. "

On the back was written in English.

" Trust in God only keeps me alive. I have told them to send you my books if I die. Adieu, dearest A."

H.

Letter written by a celebrated Brigand Chief to Manzo in behalf of the Captive, and given to Mrs. Moens.

" Mio degno Signore,

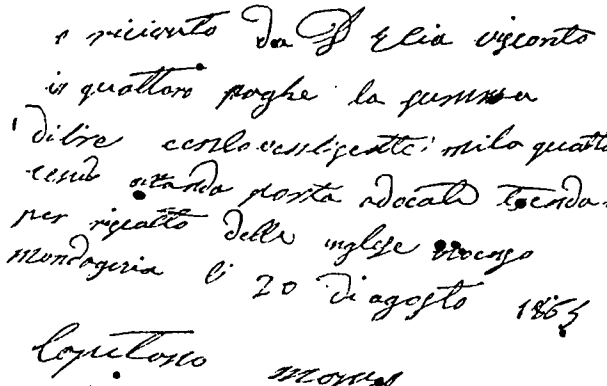
" Voi siete l'uomo esimio, e che fate risplendere il vostro nome da per tutto, senza commettere vilezze ed azzioni vituperose, percio, adesso siete l'arbitre della vita d'un forestiere, che non avendo mezzi geme quale belva, senza potersi giovare, e la moglie raminga senza potergli dare aiuto perche priva di mezzi ed ancorchè volesse farvi

giungere una somma per riparare ai vostri bisogni, con chi? c con qual mezzo? percio usate a costui gentilezze, carita, e commiserazione con. rimandarlo libero a cosa sua; imitate un Baldarelli, un Caliglicri, i Capozzoli, ed il celebre Talarico, che si decanta per generosità. Finisco con espormi a vostri comandi, e mi dico · Vto. amico affto

"P. L."

I.

Copy of Manzo's Receipt.



Translation.

"I have received from Don Elia Visconti, in four payments, the sum of a hundred and twenty-seven thousand four hundred and eighty

livres, being thirty thousand ducats, for the ransom of the Englishman Moens.

"(Signed) CAPTAIN MANZO.

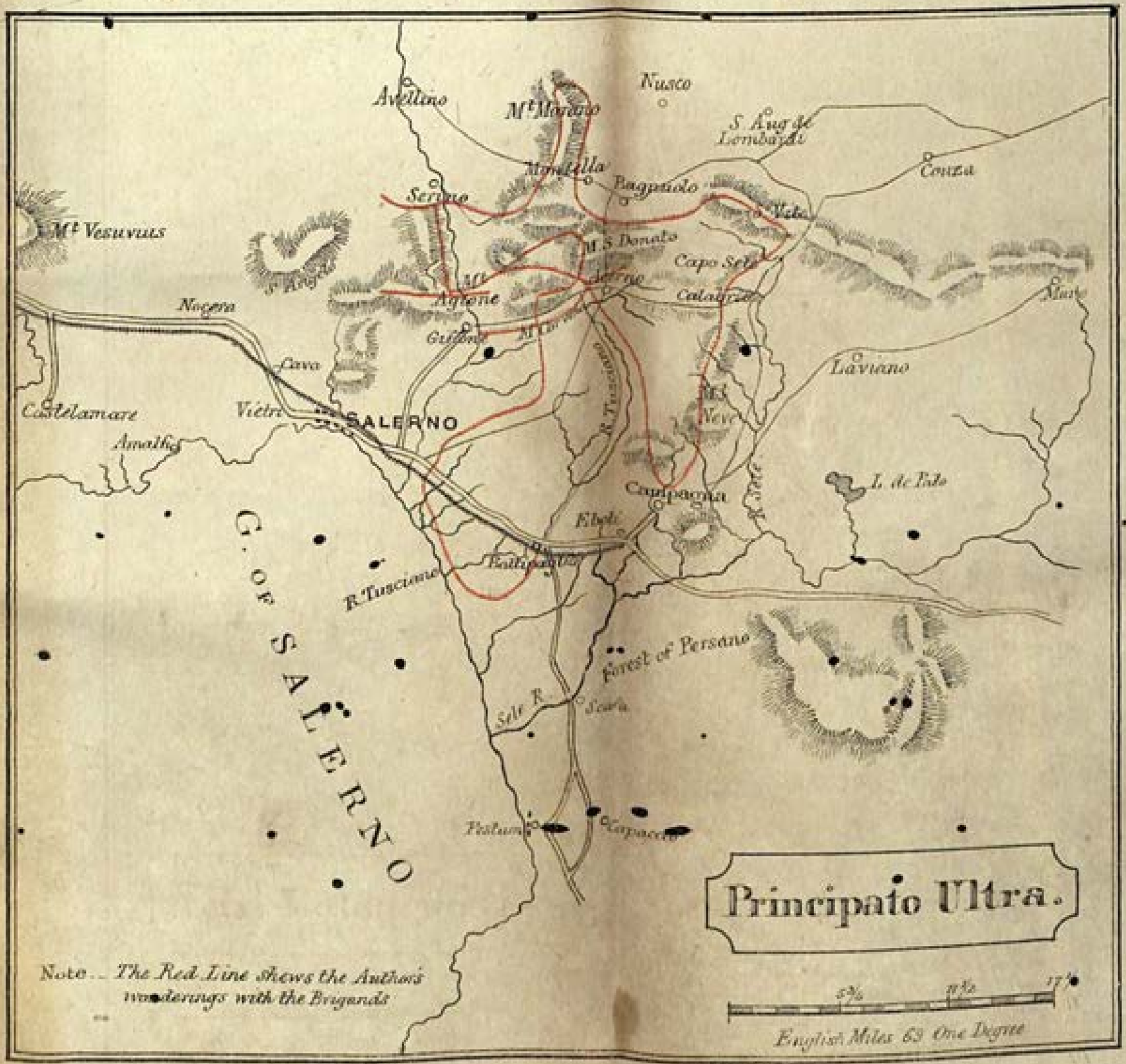
"Mondogerio, the 20th August, 1865."

K.

NOTE TO CHAPTER I., VOL. II.

Seeing Antonino writing a letter with great difficulty, I offered to assist him, and composed a letter to his mother in prison, which was read out loud to the great satisfaction of all the band. Manzo's cousin then asked me to write one for him, which was rather more difficult, as it was to his beloved, who, contrary to the wishes of her parents, had been engaged to this bandit. After many vows of eternal love, she was entreated not to forget her disconsolate lover in the wild woods and mountains, who "trusted to the Almighty to enable him to escape his now desperate course of life." He implored her not to think of any one else. I put it all in pretty language, as endearing as I could manage in Italian. It was (like the other) read out loud, and met with unqualified approbation. I was not allowed to address it, for fear of compromising the beloved one.

THE END.



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